McKean County Miner.

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TWO KILLED AT STRAIGHTS ON TUESDAY

Carl Lindgren Crushed Under a Load of Chemical Wood.

FALLING TREE KILLS AN ITALIAN

Lindgren Was Hauling Wood Down Steep Hill and the Rack Broke Throwing Him Under the Sleigh—Both Were Instantly Killed.

A special to the Bradford Era dated Straights, Pa., Jan. 9, says: This community was shocked to-day by two fatalities in the woods of this vicinity, the victims being Carl G. Lindgren and an Italian wood chopper, whose name is unknown. Both were young men.

Carl G. Lindgren was a resident of Bradford, his home being on Maplewood avenue, that city. His widow is a sister of Contractor Johnson, of this place, and as Mr. Johnson has been busily engaged of late in getting out large supplies of wood for one of the large chemical plants, Mr. Lindgren was assisting his brother-in-law and was to-day engaged in hauling wood when his life was ended.

He was driving a team attached to a large bobsled and had a heavy load of wood on the conveyance going down a steep hill, when the forward part of the sleigh rack gave way. He was seated on the front of the load and when the rack broke apart he plunged forward, with the wood, to the ground, between the horses' feet.

He uttered one shriek "whoa," to the horses and both animals tried to stop, but the onrushing mass of wood and the steep declivity, made this impossible. The sleigh was dragged over the unfortunate driver who had been covered under the wood.

In the vicinity were some men who witnessed the occurrence and they hurried to Lindgren's assistance. But when extricated from his awful predicament the man was dying. His skull was broken, as was his back, and one hand was torn off almost completely. His death had been a horrible one.

The deceased was a well known man hereabouts and his very shocking death has produced much grief among the people. Great sympathy is expressed for his widow, who, at present is here. Her sorrow is of the keenest character.

The wood chopper who lost his life was an industrious young Italian. He and two companions, engaged in chopping chemical wood, were at work about two miles from here. In cutting down a tree, this evening, it lodged against another tree and, finally, when it fell, it caught the unfortunate foreigner, under it, crushing out his life at once. His friends saw that he was dead and made no effort to release the body from under the tree. On the contrary they came to Straights and notified the people here of the fatality. A party has gone to the woods to-night to chop away the tree from the corpse and release it. The men were asked why they did not do this after the accident occurred and answered that it was their supposition that they had no right to do so until the coroner had viewed the remains.

The coroner of Elk county has been informed of the two fatalities.

Carl Lindgren, who was killed at Straights, Pa., yesterday lived at No. 8 Maplewood avenue, this city, before going to work in the woods. He was about 35 years old and belonged to the Order of Vasa, Bradford lodge 169, a Swedish fraternal society. His remains will be taken to Jamestown, N. Y., for burial.

The Pennsylvania School Code, 25c per copy, by mail. Address
2t ROSE ALLEN, Smethport, Pa.

Watned.

Teams to haul chemical wood, $5.50 per day. Inquire either at the office at East Smethport or of A. J. Drake, Telephone No. 24R, Eldred, Pa.

Smethport Chemical Co.
tf D. M. Cooper, Gen. Supt.

Millinery for Winter.

My Millinery display for Fall and Winter is now ready and if you are looking for the really correct thing in ladies' and children's headgear, call on CARRIE CLARK.

FROG BANQUET.

Another Leap Year Properly Ushered in by Swamp Number One, Order of Frogs.

Swamp Number One, Ancient and Independent Order of Frogs, started in this new Leap Year properly by having a reunion of all living Frogs of the Universe on Tuesday evening, January 2, 1912, with headquarters at the Wright House dining room, Smethport, Pa. The weather man was kind to the Frogs, and as a result when the Supreme Congenial Frog of the Universe, Abraham Lincoln Gallup, mustered his legion into line at the Frog Building no less than forty Frogs, Tadpoles, Peepers, Polywogs and Green Frogs were at bat and ready for the fray. This line of march to the Wright House Oasis was taken up at about nine-thirty in the evening, and the caravan of Frogs, which had not seen an Oasis in many moons, was promptly escorted by a detachment from the Smethport Police and marched to the inspiring music of the Odd Fellows band. Arrived at the Wright House Supreme Circle of Frogs, composed of Abraham Lincoln Gallup, Supreme Congenial Frog and King of Frogs; John Christopher Columbus Swan, Supreme Frog of Franklinville Swamp No. 7; Isaac Cicero Gleason, Chief Croaker; Edmund Leaping Ryan, Supreme of Buffalo Swamp No. 9; R. Eating Burdick, Spittle Keeper; G. Hungry McCoy, Vice Croaker; O. Jump Hamlin, Vice Guiding Frog; Horribly Hungry Horace Redfield, Grand Recording Toad of the Universe; Ralph Pygmy Verdon, Supreme of Kane Swamp No. 2; Bilious Gallup, Wart Juice Extractor; Julep Scott Walker, Supreme Arizone Dispenser; F. D'Hill Gallup, National Pittler; G. District Mayo, Grand Lecturing Frog; R. Water-wagon Hilton, Grand Forgetting Frog; J. Ambassador McKean, Supreme Gormandizing Frog; Sure Fed Redfield, Keeper of the Ward-robe, and some others of less rank, retired to the rooms of the Honorable R. W. Hilton, where the Court Robes of crimson and blue were donned, and soon these high officers of the Order were filing to their toad-stools in the dining-room, around the festive board, where the other Tadpoles and Peepers of the Universe were awaiting the entrance of their peers spelled with a "p." And it was some entrance, probably not since Columbus landed on Plymouth Rock, some four hundred years ago, with the other Ancient Frogs, has the likes of it been seen in this country. And for emaciated faces and care-worn, the Supreme Congenial certainly had the Pilgrim Fathers with the temperature at forty below and no dinner to carry, beaten to a frazzle. Colonel Gillett and Harry Lifesaver Backus, the hosts of the evening, have hovered on the brink of the Frog Pond of Swamp Number One for so long, that this banquet seemed like a plague of June Bugs on a thickly populated frog pond of an early May morning. Mine host Messrs. Dodge & Sherburne, had well measured the appetites of the forty Frogs in waiting, and a sumptuous banquet of many courses from cocktails, consomme, roast turkey and pig with dressing, salads, ice cream, coffee, cake and other delicacies made the hungry Frogs leap with joy for a time until their most ambitious gormandizing members were fully satisfied and ready to withdraw from the dining table and proceed with the other important work of the evening. On this occasion the Peeper or second degree in Frogology was worked on a class of five Tadpoles.

Green Bullfrogs Garlick and Hubbard put on this unwritten work in ancient form. Most Noble King Lin was on the High South Toad Stool and in a gracious skillful manner, assisted by other Frogs, the ancient rites and ceremonies were performed, the Tadpoles losing their hind legs, and becoming full fledged Peepers.

After the closing of the work in this degree, the Croaking was re-opened in the Bull Frog Degree, and under the head of Good of the Order, another hour of mirth and pleasure was enjoyed and, in the wee sma' hours, the Frogs left their toad-stools and departed for their own hearth-stones content with themselves, their hosts of the evening, Messrs. Backus and Gillett, and with the kind hospitality of Wright House Oasis.

Peepings from the Pond.

Leap year. Frogs year.

January second was the twelfth anniversary of Swamp Number One.

Congratulations. Some Polywogs, too.

Croker Gleason don't like 'em.

Sweet Singer McKean lost his, New Year's Day.

Also lost a nice feed, next evening. Sheridan was easily the Big Think and—Eat, of the evening.

Eagles, Owls and Elks have nothing on the Frogs, according to Sheriff; the last lay of the Past Minstrel was some epic, also epicurean. (Friendship, N. Y., papers please copy.)

It was the annual official visit of Frog Swan of Franklinville, he was the center of attraction at the banquet and at the Charity Ball, next evening. More eyes to you, Christoforo Colombo.

King Lin leaves this month for Pike's Peak to establish a Swamp of Frogs. From Mt. Arat to Pike's Peak. That's jumping some.

The Colonel got his hind legs quick, Washington, D. C., was warmer, but sure not better.

At most, Fat was but half the host. Mell. Well some other time.

38 Frogs, two visitors. Real Frog banquet that.

Eighteen Peepers in waiting now. 9 more feeds.

Next; one, Washington's birthday. Chop it 'till then.

Smile. Hatchet-faced Frogs.

"POLL E. WOG."

THE COLD SNAP.

Smethport People Suffer as Well as Others Throughout County.

During the past week we have had some of the most severely cold and windy weather that has visited this section in years, and following right on the heels of very mild winter weather, it has caused a great deal of suffering in all the Northern States.

It is very seldom that the people of Smethport are compelled to suffer more that the ordinary hardships from cold weather, but this is the exception. In a large majority of the homes gas is depended upon entirely for light and heat, and the extremely cold and windy weather last Friday cut that commodity so short that a great deal of suffering was eminent, owing to the fact that two or more wells were frozen in entirely for the Smethport Gas Company and several places in the lines were partially frozen up.

This condition left the gas so low that the Berney-Bond Glass Bottle factory and the Smethport Glass factory were obliged to shut down and in many of the homes and business places it was so cold that the occupants suffered great inconvenience. In some places the gas was so low that neither the lights nor fires would stay lighted and in one instance at least the family was compelled to go to bed in the dark in order to keep warm.

There is no question about the gas company having plenty of gas under ordinary conditions, but a sudden change like that of last Friday with the continued severe weather that followed is a very hard test.

NEW TRAIN SCHEDULE.

Kushequa Route Changes Time Next Monday.

Beginning Monday, January 15, there will be a new train out of Mt. Jewett over the Kushequa Route, running direct to Smethport and Larabee, and a new train out of Smethport for Mt. Jewett direct.

The train from Mt. Jewett to the County Capitol will leave at 8:22 a. m. immediately after the arrival of the B. & O. train from Kane; and will arrive in Smethport at 9:13, and continuing on to Larabee, arriving there at 9:42, which enables the traveling public to connect with trains north bound on the Pennsylvania system, reaching Buffalo at 12:30. Also, to connect with southbound trains on the Pennsylvania system a trifle less direct, yet enabling one to reach Port Allegany at 11:06 a. m.

The morning train out of Smethport will start from there at 7:25 and will arrive in Mt. Jewett at 8:19.

These trains should, and will prove the most popular of any ever scheduled over the Kushequa Route, as they are positive time savers, which means money-savers as well, to the traveling public.

As this will now constitute the only link between Kane and Smethport, in the forenoon, the connection with the northbound morning train of the B. R. & P. at Newton being discontinued, it is bound to receive a fair share of the patronage. Then, over and beyond this, it will be the quickest route into Buffalo; and will also enable people in this end of the county to reach Port Allegany in a manner superior to any ever before extended.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

RICHESON IS SENTENCED TO DEATH PENALTY

He Has Confessed to the Murder of Miss Avis Linnell.

TO BE EXECUTED WEEK OF MAY 19

He Appeared in Court on Tuesday and Altered His Plea From Not Guilty to Guilty—Sentenced by Judge Sanderson—Sentence May Be Commuted.

Boston, Jan. 9.—Rev. C. V. T. Richeson, confessed slayer of Avis Linnell, withdrew his plea of not guilty this afternoon and pleaded guilty to murder. He was sentenced to be electrocuted the week of May 19.

It is generally acknowledged that after Richeson has been sentenced to death an application will be made to Governor Foss and the executive council for commution of the sentence to life imprisonment. Only the governor and council have the power to grant such commutation. Governor Foss intimated that should such a petition be presented he will submit it to the council for hearing.

Two arguments in favor of executive clemency have been prominently discussed. One is that the prisoner, by his confession, has saved the state the expense of a long trial and has spared the public and the family of the murdered girl the publication of distasteful details which inevitably would have accompanied the trial. The other argument is the claim advanced by some of Richeson's friends that he is insane.

Richeson listened unmoved to the reading of the indictment. He nodded his head when asked if he wanted to change his plea of not guilty to guilty. The proceedings were gone through quietly. Judge Sanderson pronounced sentence.

Boston, Jan. 7.—Rev. Clarence V. T. Richeson confessed his guilt of the murder of his former sweetheart, Avis Linnell, of Hyannis. In a document made public by his counsel yesterday, the confession declares that the accused "is guilty of the offense of which he is indicted" murder in the first degree.

Whether Richeson will pay the extreme penalty, which under Massachusetts law, is death in the electric chair, no court official cared to predict to-day. The confession was as follows:

The Confession.

Boston, Jan. 3, 1912.

John L. Lee, Esq., William A. Morse, Esq., Philip R. Dunbar, Esq.:

Gentlemen—Deeply penitent for my sin, and earnestly desiring, as far as in my power lies, to make atonement, I hereby confess that I am guilty of the offense of which I stand indicted.

I am moved to this course by no inducement of self-benefit or leniency. Heinous as is my crime, God has not wholly abandoned me, and my conscience and manhood, however depraved and blighted, will not admit of my still further wronging by a public trial of her whose pure young life I have destroyed. Under the lashings of remorse I have suffered and am suffering the tortures of the damned. In this I find a measure of comfort. In my mental anguish I recognize that there is still, by the mercy of the Master, some remnant of the divine spark of goodness still lingering with me. I could wish to live only because within some prison's walls I might, in some small measure, redeem my sinful past, help some other despairing soul and, at last, find favor with my God.

You are instructed to deliver this to the district attorney or to the judge of the court.

Sincerely yours,

CLARENCE V. T. RICHESON.

Spent Time in Praying.

Boston, Jan. 7.—His mind apparently eased by his confession of the murder of Avis Linnell, the Rev. Clarence V. T. Richeson spent most of the night and the greater part of today praying in his cell in the Charles Street jail, pausing in his supplications only long enough to eat frugally of the meals brought to him or to close his eyes in fitful sleep. He displays none of his former agitation and seems to have resigned himself to his fate.

It is reported in police circles that Richeson besides confessing his crime in writing informed his counsel that he gave the fatal draught of poison to Miss Linnell while they were seated on a bench in the Fenway on the afternoon of October 14.

Following is a concise record of the Richeson case:

October 14, 1911—Avis Linnell, of Hyannis, Mass., once fiancee of Rev. C. V. T. Richeson, found dying, apparently a suicide by cyanide of potassium, in bathroom of Boston Young Women's Christian association.

October 15—Medical examiner finds evidence girl took poison believing it medicine, declares she was murdered.

October 16—Richeson seeks refuge from attention at home of Miss Violet Edmands, his prospective bride, a Brooklyn heiress.

October 19—Police learn that William Hahn, a Newton druggist, sold Richeson cyanide of potassium.

October 20—Richeson arrested at Edmands' home after all-night attempts of police to communicate with him.

October 31—Richeson indicted, charged with first degree murder, by special grand jury.

November 14—Trial set for January 15.

December 20—Richeson mutilates himself in cell at night necessitating serious surgical operation.

January 3, 1912—Richeson writes to counsel confessing his guilt.

January 6—Counsel makes Richeson confession public.

IN MEMORIUM.

Ellen Otto Died in Ceres, N. Y., on December 24, 1911.

Entered into rest, Dec. 24, 1911, in her home in Ceres, N. Y., Eleanor Gray, youngest daughter of the Hon. Joseph Otto and Mary Brown Otto, his wife. Eleanor Otto was born in 1826, in Keating township. She was the youngest of a family of 10 sons and daughters born to Judge Otto and wife. Most of her life was spent in the family home in Keating township. Her father was an early settler in McKean county, but in spite of the many privations, which must of necessity have been the portion of the pioneer, this family maintained a marked dignity and their home was one of refinement and unusual culture. Many of the family founded homes of their own, and one by one left the homestead until but two remained, an older sister, Caroline, and the subject of this sketch, and she finally found herself alone in the home of her childhood. Here she lived until four years ago, when she removed to Ceres, where she passed away.

Eleanor Otto was gifted with an artistic temperament and a bright and cultivated mind, and though very retiring and reticent in her nature, little in the world of science, literature or politics escaped her scrutiny. She lived quietly within herself, and few were admitted to the innermost sanctuary of her heart. She was a faithful attendant at religious services and after her removal to Ceres attended in spite of her advanced age, the services of the M. E. church and at bible class. She died quietly as she had lived sinking gently and painlessly away on the Sunday afternoon before Christmas.

After her long life of light and shadow she might well had said with John, that ancient servant of God, "I was in the Spirit on the Lord's Day."

THE CHARITY BALL.

Report of Receipts and Expenditures of This Event.

Kenneth Mayo, treasurer, in account with the Smethport First Annual Charity Ball fund.

Dr.

To amount received from sale of 55 tickets @ $6 each	$330.00
To amount received from sale of 19 tickets @ $2 each	38.00
To amount received from admissions to balcony, 56 @ 50c	28.00
To amount received from cash donations	2.00
Total amount received	$398.00

Cr.

By paid services and railroad fare of orchestra	$230.00
By paid hotel for orchestra, and refreshments	76.00
By paid rent for Lyceum	15.00
By paid help at dance	2.00
By paid hauling and decorations	5.00
By cash deposit in Hamlin Bank & Trust Co. to credit of N. M. Abbery	70.00
Total	$398.00

ADMIRAL EVANS DEAD.

The End Came Suddenly in Washington, Wednesday, Jan. 3.

Rear Admiral Robley D. Evans, whose death occurred suddenly in Washington on Wednesday of last week, was buried with full military honors in Washington on Friday last. President Taft, his cabinet, and all the leading officials of the Navy and other departments paid homage to this noted hero.

To the country generally "Fighting Bob" Evans was the hero of the new navy. It was his fortune to be on the spot in several seas when decisive action was necessary to uphold his country's dignity, and his method of standing up for the rights of Americans and the glory of the flag sent responsive thrills from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Evans was a commanding figure in big things, a history maker and, although he was denied at the close of his long service the honor he wanted most, a vice admiralty, there was no doubt that he found some compensation in the enthusiastic regard of the people.

His last great service was piloting the battle fleet around the Horn and into the harbor of San Francisco. But ten years previously the ability and courage he displayed in the battle of Santiago bay when his ship, the Iowa, played so splendid a part in the destruction of the Spanish fleet, placed Robley Dunglison Evans in the forefront of American seafighters.

A third dramatic chapter in his career was his conduct in Valparaiso harbor, Chile, in 1901, when, with only the little gunboat Yorktown to back his words, he bristled up to the Chilean Government, brought about an apology for an assault on American sailors and did as much to enhance the reputation of his country as could have been gained by a battle.

It was off Valparaiso that he got his name, "Fighting Bob."

He was born in Floyd county, Va., on August 18, 1846, the son of Dr. Samuel Andrew Jackson Evans. In 1859 he was offered an appointment to the Naval Academy by William Hooper, delegate in Congress from Utah. In 1860 he joined his class at Annapolis and was graduated in 1863.

In the Civil War he served on the frigate Powatan, in the flying squadron under Admiral Lardner, and also in the east gulf under the same officer. Afterward, under Admiral Porter, he participated in the desperate assault upon and capture of Fort Fisher.

It was one of the most sanguinary assaults of the war. When it was over, Midshipman Evans lay in the corpse-piled trench at the foot of the breastworks, fairly riddled with bullets, and half strangled beneath the dead and dying. He had been shot through both legs and had received many wounds in the body.

From the effects of these he lay in a hospital for months and was afterward retired from active service. A bullet through the right knee had caused a permanent stiffness. Later, a celebrated surgeon, Doctor Gross, of Philadelphia, broke the joint and straightened the leg.

After recovering from this operation, Evans, at his own request, was promptly restored to the active list. He was promoted by act of Congress for conspicuous gallantry, and sailed for China, in the Delaware, the flagship of Admiral Rowan.

Upon his return to the United States Lieutenant Commander Evans was assigned to ordnance duty until 1870, the year he married Charlotte Taylor, daughter of Frank Taylor, of Washington, and a granddaughter of General Daniel Taylor.

After his marriage he was stationed at Annapolis for two years, and was then sent to the Mediterranean.

He was transferred to the Congress in 1874 as executive officer, and returned to the Mediterranean, where he remained until the Congress was sent to Philadelphia for the opening of the Centennial.

In 1881 he was detailed as equipment officer at the Washington navy yard and became much interested in the practical working of iron and steel. In 1881 he was a member of the first Advisory Board under Admiral John Rodgers. The report of this Board was the foundation of the new navy. It was upon a resolution offered by Robley D. Evans that steel was adopted for our fighting ships. Commander Evans obtained leave of absence and went to work in Andrew Carnegie's shops, in Pittsburgh, testing and inspecting steel.

(Continued on Page 8.)

Her Good Sense

By Frances A. Corey

(Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press.)

There was a succession of discouraged grunts, and the little narrow gauge engine came up to a dead halt in the isolated Vermont valley.

"Stalled!" exclaimed a chorus of voices in varying degrees of annoyance and disgust.

Mrs. Van Brunt sat suddenly erect. She was a magnificent personage, aggressive and overbearing, much too smartly dressed for a journey into the wilds.

"How exasperating! There's no telling how long we will be delayed! And we are due at Stormcliff in an hour. What's wrong, I wonder?"

The male passengers were pouring out of the dingy little coaches on a tour of investigation. Mrs. Van Brunt watched from the car window as they hurried down the track, then her cold eyes swept the landscape. An exclamation was smothered in her throat. She turned hastily to her niece, a very pretty girl with dark, velvety eyes and copper gleams in her hair.

"Constance, my dear, didn't we bring fruit and sandwiches along? They'll help to pass the time."

Connie opened a small handbag and laid it on the seat.

"Here they are, Aunt Helena. I don't want anything." She had risen and slipped quietly into the aisle. "I'll get out and walk about."

"Don't you stir a step! You'll get left!"

"No danger. I just heard one of the trainmen say we'd be here for a half hour or longer."

"I forbid you to leave the car," cried Mrs. Van Brunt, majestically.

Rebellious red came into the girl's cheeks. "What is the harm? You are unreasonable, Aunt Helena." And she started for the door.

Mrs. Van Brunt sailed after her. There were angry splotches in the elder woman's face.

"Perhaps you think I don't know, but I do!" she hissed. "That farm-

Each Nook Had Its Memory.

house up yonder is where you went last summer with the McAlisters! I know it from the picture on your dressing table at home."

"Yes, said Connie, a queer little lilt in her voice. "It's such a dear old place! I want a good look at it. The McAlisters are in Europe. The house is closed—nobody will know." And she moved on again with shining eyes.

There were times when even Mrs. Van Brunt dared not cross the girl. Why not let her have her way? Fate had played a shabby trick in permitting the train to break down at this particular point. But the worst that could come from it was the awakening of memories that might better slumber.

"I thought you had more sense," she said ungraciously, lifting her skirts to alight from the car. "Of course I can't let you go prowling about the dreadful place alone."

Connie climbed the hill slowly, glancing from right to left. Each nook and corner had its bitter-sweet memory. But for the ponderous figure close beside her, she would have been unable to restrain her sobs.

Presently a curve in the path brought them close to the old house, a rambling affair nestling confidingly under great trees. Connie stopped short. So did Mrs. Van Brunt. The windows were open, the curtains swaying in the breeze.

"Somebody's there!" the elder woman exclaimed.

A face appeared and vanished, the outer door swung open, and a tall young man—Duncan Vance himself—came forth.

"Miss Kirkby—you!" he exclaimed with a warmth of greeting that deepened the color in Connie's cheeks. "Oh, I see!" as his glance fell upon the train below. "The little dinky got tuckered out. It usually does, somewhere on the road. Lucky it should be at my very door!"

"I thought—I had heard—you were abroad," Connie faltered, all her dimples flashing and playing bewilderlingly.

"Yes, my friends believe I went with the McAlisters in June. But I stole away all by myself to study up for the book I'm writing on Forestry. I've put in six weeks of solid work."

A look passed between the two that made Mrs. Van Brunt writhe. Was all her plotting and wire-pulling to come to naught? She had counted on definitely settling her niece's future within twenty-four hours. Now the one man who could spoil her little game had unexpectedly crossed their path.

"I hear the warning whistle," she exclaimed. "We must hasten back."

Duncan Vance walked down to the train with them. He and Connie chatted in accents of suppressed excitement, but Mrs. Van Brunt kept close at their heels. She hurried Connie into the coach, but the young man stood at the window until the train began to move.

"I shall see you again soon," he called after them.

"Not if I can help it!" Mrs. Van Brunt ejaculated to herself.

Some hours later Connie stood on the broad veranda at Stormcliff. The sun had gone down behind Stratton mountain. All the lesser heights, the fir-crowned slopes, were wrapped in a wonderful opal haze.

Several things had happened since their arrival. Colonel Calvert, their host, a railroad president, with no immediate family of his own, had shown them over the beautiful house. Then Jack, his handsome nephew, had escorted Connie through the grounds. Afterward Mrs. Van Brunt had unearthed from her trunk a very lovely gown, her latest purchase for her niece.

"Of course this is no mere pleasure trip," was her cold-blooded declaration. "Make the most of your opportunity, my dear. You will never have such another. There's another nephew, a graceless scamp, I imagine; but Jack ought to get the lion's share of the money. If you let him slip through your fingers because of any foolishness, you'll get no more help from me."

It was not Jack's face that danced before the girl's eyes as she arrayed herself in the grudgingly-given finery. Indeed, had she not become very fond of Colonel Calvert, whose acquaintance he had made in New York the previous winter, she would never have consented to come to Stormcliff. He had taken an almost paternal interest in her from the first.

Nervous sobs were very near the surface as she stood there and watched the sun go down. Her fate was in her own hands. She liked luxury and hated poverty. It was perfectly clear why this invitation to the Calvert summer home had been extended. Cold, common sense admonished her to accept thankfully what the gods had provided. But she didn't love Jack—she never could love him! It would be a case of barter and sale—

A firm, quick step crossed the veranda. She saw Jack coming and her heart leaped into her throat. What should she say to him?

Ten minutes later it had been said—all uncertainty was over forever. Jack had rushed away, snapping at her angry words.

And now she must face her aunt's bitter upbraidings. She knew the price she would have to pay—poor clothes, plain living, uncongenial tasks; but her heart sang within her. Mrs. Van Brunt would call her a sentimental fool; but she felt that she had done the wise and sensible thing.

Slowly the last gleam of daylight faded; stars flashed into the darkening sky. Colonel Calvert met her as she re-entered the house, and drew her into the big drawing room, into the brilliant gaslight.

"So you have refused Jock?" There was an amused gleam in his shrewd gray eyes as they searched her face. "Why? Don't be afraid—tell me, my dear. Why did you do it?"

Down went her head upon his shoulder. "I found—I couldn't—sell myself," she faltered.

Colonel Calvert stroked her rumpled hair tenderly. "That's where you showed good sense. Now, I wonder if there isn't somebody else who has a better show than poor Jack?"

Connie started back, pale and trembling. The sudden fear was unfounded. He gave a low whistle, evidently a signal. A man in a long motor coat came swiftly down the hallway.

"My favorite nephew, Duncan Vance," Colonel Calvert said, with twinkling eyes. "I wanted to be sure you were worthy of him, my dear; so I let Jack have the first chance. But I knew you'd stand the test all right."

Johnny Solved Essay Problem.

The teacher had requested that each of the pupils write a short description of a ball game. With the exception of Johnny all the children went to work with a will. Johnny sat, seemingly enwrapped in thought, giving no sign that he intended writing. When time was called and all the children handed in their papers Johnny offered the excuse that he had been unable to write anything.

The teacher reprimanded him severely, telling him that she would give him five minutes more in which to produce something. Johnny sat thoughtfully but made no effort to write. The minutes slipped quickly by.

"You have a half minute left," said the teacher.

Johnny started, leaned over, dashed off a few words on the paper and handed it in.

The teacher was surprised and astonished when her eyes met the words:

"No game—rain."

HOGS ARE SMART ANIMALS

Instance of Their Intelligence Observed by an Easterner Traveling Through the South.

"A hog has a lot more sense than people give the average hog credit for—or at least a razorback hog has," remarked an easterner who travels through the south. "Here's something that impressed me: At a little southern town or village I went through some time ago, a small boy boarded the train with sandwiches that he was selling, for there was no eating place and the train reached that point at about the noon hour. I bought two sandwiches.

"By the time the train was at the outskirts of the little town, I found that the sandwiches instead of being made with ham in the interior, contained only some slices of turnip. Of course I threw mine away as soon as I found that out. Other passengers raised the windows to throw theirs out at about the same time I noticed. And right at the point where most of the sandwiches were thrown out, I saw a drove of razorback hogs ready to gobble them up.

"The conductor told me that the hogs had learned just how far the train would go every morning before the passengers would find the turnips in the sandwiches and then throw the sandwiches away. And he said the hogs wouldn't miss the right place by more than a couple of yards."

SAINT FOR THE JOURNALISTS

Pope Pius IX. Fifty Years Ago, Selected St. Francis De Sales as Their Patron.

It will be news to many journalists to learn that they have an officially selected patron saint. But the Manchester Guardian points out that they have, and have had for the last fifty years. Pius IX., at the request of a number of continental journalists, issued a decree on the point. He recommended journalists to seek the help of St. Francis de Sales, whose body has just lately been transferred, with great pomp and amidst popular rejoicing, to a new church at Annecy, in Savoy, his native place. The choice, our contemporary thinks, was an apt one, for St. Francis was a man of letters. His famous work, "The Devout Life," is still popular, "no doubt because of the lightness of touch with which it is written and the unerring journalistic instinct (if one may put it so in writing of the work of a saint) with which he compels attention to serious questions by the skillful use of anecdote and illustration."—Westminster Gazette.

Cruelty to Animals.

During the discussion of the difference between the high cost of living and the cost of high living at the Curbstone club the ancient carpenter vouchsafed the following: "It just seems like everything conspires to make things harder for a man when prices are high. Now, for instance, I know that all of my hens intentionally stop laying when eggs are worth their weight in gold—just when they ought to do their very best!"

"Smoke up! Your pipe's going out!" sarcastically exclaimed the real estate man.

"Fact," continued the ancient carpenter. "But I fooled the critters. I got a sign painted with words, 'Eggs 10 cents a dozen,' and hung it in the coop. Now the hens are laying two and three eggs every day, and some of them are even working nights."—Youngstown Telegraph.

Now the Machine Sermon.

The only ceremony at the funeral of a school teacher in an Austrian village was the rendition by a talking machine of the hymn "Eine Feste Burg," as sung by a chorus of male voices. The incident gave an enterprising firm an idea. They now, according to a circular which has been distributed in the rural districts, are "prepared to furnish for funerals good and appropriate music, either solo, duet or chorus. Our large list includes universal as well as strictly church music." In discussing this enterprise a Vienna paper says that the "machine sermon" has already been introduced, and in conjunction with the "machine music" will make old methods useless. "The talking machine sermon," says the humorist, "has at least these good points—it must be short and the machine does not weep."

Lighted Him Home.

Two friends who lived in the country were in the habit of dining frequently with one another. One day Jack received an invitation from James to dine with him at the usual hour in the evening. As it happened it was an extremely dark night, and Jack took a stable lantern to enable him to see the way clearly. In due course he arrived quite safely at James's residence, and they dined exceedingly well, but certainly not wisely.

The next morning Jack received a note from James to this effect: "Dear Jack, herewith find your stable lantern. Please return my parrot and cage."

Her Fortune.

Miss Ivy Brayton Hodge, one of the well known women drummers of the west, at a commercial travelers' banquet in Chicago, responded to a toast with these words:

"A woman's face is said to be her fortune. In the girl drummer's case, however, it's her cheek."

LETTUCE WHILE YOU WAIT

Dinner Guests May See It Grow on the Table for Their Salad.

When at a dinner in Rome a tourist was served with strawberries, still growing on the parent vine, in a common earthen pot which was concealed by a sash of wide ribbon, she thought this was the last word with regard to serving food at the dinner table. It remains, however, for a New York florist to work what seems like a miracle. He claims to be able to grow lettuce while you wait—crisp lettuce for dinner to eat with your broiled spring chicken.

When asked to reveal his secret he said: "I take a handful of lettuce seeds that have been soaked over night in alcohol and I plant them in a box containing three inches of loam and quicklime. I water this well, and in ten minutes the seeds burst. In twenty minutes two tiny leaves push through the earth. The leaves grow and multiply. In an hour they are as big as dollars. Then you may pluck and eat them. They are delicious—a fairy salad. Sometimes when I give a dinner party I have one of these little prepared lettuce beds in the center of the table. The guests see the lettuce grow, and when the time comes for the salad course there is their salad blooming before them all ready for them to pluck."

Considering what marvels in the way of cooking are accomplished with the chafing dish and denatured alcohol stoves, and scientific marvels like this, we may reasonably expect to see the lamb driven in alive, slaughtered, and cooked before our very eyes.

STREET CLEANING LONG AGO

Franklin's Autobiography Tells How He Promoted the First Contract Job in Philadelphia.

Recently at one of the luncheons of the City Club of Philadelphia there was read an extract from the autobiography of Benjamin Franklin which was said to describe the first instance of street cleaning by contract in Philadelphia. The incident is interesting also, however, as illustrating citizen co-operation in its original simplicity.

"One day," Franklin wrote, "I found a poor industrious man, who was willing to undertake keeping the pavement clean by sweeping it twice a week, carrying off the dirt from before all the neighbors' doors, for the sum of six-pence per month, to be paid by each house. I then wrote and printed a paper setting forth the advantages to the neighborhood that might be obtained by this small expense. . . . I sent one of these papers to each house, and in a day or two went around to see who would subscribe an agreement to pay these six-pences; it was unanimously signed, and for a time well executed. This raised a general desire to have all the streets paved, and made the people more willing to subscribe to a tax for that purpose."—The Survey.

Those "Iron Dollars."

"I have always felt that we of the middle west have about the best of everything in the United States," a Missouri man who is in New York said. "But I am willing to admit now that we play the part of the 'goat' in the currency deal.

"You will never know the significance of the term 'iron dollars' until you have carried the big wheels around in your pocket," he continued. "And you will doubtless never carry the cumbersome coin as long as the good-natured western brother consents to deal with that part of the currency. In the two months that I have been in the east I haven't had my hands on an 'iron dollar,' and I'm not homesick for the sight of one. When I return I am going to try to carry enough paper to last me until I come back again."

Slipped Up on the Sleuth.

A Cincinnati reporter, acting independently of the men working for other papers, resolved to have an account of the proceedings of a council meeting to which no outsiders were to be admitted. By collusion with the janitor he climbed to a spot that was not without its dangers and was dusty beyond description. There he took out a notebook for a shorthand report.

The meeting came to order and the first thing the chairman did was to move a reconsideration and admit the reporters. This was carried and they all (minus one) filed in to take their places in comfortable positions.

Elixir of Life for Steel.

For mankind, as yet, the elixir of life remains undiscovered; but for steel it has been found. The element vanadium, when added in certain predetermined and small proportions, gives to steel the combined properties of increased tensile strength, higher elastic limit and greater ductility. Strength, toughness, elasticity, united with freedom from crystalization—these are the life-giving properties which vanadium imparts to steel, properties which raise its endurance to meet the burdens which are daily increasing upon it.

Gentle Hint.

Professional Beggar (in Hardupp's office)—I've been out o' work for over a year, mister, and ain't got the price of a night's lodgin'. Can yer do anything to help me out?

Hardupp (sardonically)—I'd like to, but I sprained my foot on a collector yesterday.

Love and a Shotgun

By Carl Jenkins

(Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press.)

Scores of farmers had written to the university that they could use extra hands during July and August, and Clarence Davis was one of the students who elected to work during the vacation. He went to a farmer who wanted only one man, but a big, stout one, Clarence was big and stout, and the farmer figured that if he only had a small appetite he would be as much of a bargain as a dollar shirt marked down to 69 cents.

There was a regular hired man on the farm. He had been there a year. The farmer, the good wife and the daughter welcomed the new hand, but Jim, the hired man, didn't. He took a long look at him, listened to his talk for a few minutes, and then went out to the barn and shook his fist at the haymow and kicked over a half-bushel measure and hoarsely exclaimed:

"If he does it I will kill him if I hang for it!"

Farmer Bush's daughter was named Amelia. She was twenty-two years old and engaged to Jim. He had won her heart and hand in the first three months. No date had been set for the wedding, but it was counted a sure thing. Amelia had taught a district school one term, and was inclined to look down on Jim.

The college boy went to work with a good deal of vim. He wanted muscle, and he wanted the wages. While he was a hired man for the nonce, he couldn't help being himself at the same time. He didn't use soft soap to wash his hands; he made use of comb and brush before coming to the table; he made a change from his working clothes after the chores had been done up for the night.

Amelia was impressed from the very first day, and she was foolish enough to show it. The student hadn't been an inmate of the farmhouse two full weeks when it was plain to everybody that Jim was down on him. He jeered at his work,

"If He Does It I'll Kill Him."

sneered at his talk and became almost insulting over his musical abilities on the cottage organ.

"Better go slow," cautioned the farmer to the lover one day. "If you get him real mad he'll break you in two."

"But he shall never take Amelia from me and live!" was the reply.

"Pooh! He isn't giving her a thought."

But Jim could see flirtation, love, marriage and all that in every little action, and one evening, as the two men were milking the cows, he boiled over. The knowledge had come to him that the lemon pie on the supper table had been made and served on account of his rival. That pie broke the camel's back. He announced the fact to the student and pitched in. He was gathered up and thrown over the fence, and then he planned a tragedy.

Two evenings later, as Mr. Davis entered the barn to feed the horses, there was a flash and a roar and a handful of birdshot whizzed around him. Jim had fired a second too soon and the old fanning mill, instead of a live man, had received the leaden pellets. The would-be was taken by the neck and shaken.

"Now then, you blamed idiot, sit down here and tell me what's the matter! What do you want to make a lead mine of me for?"

"Amelia!" almost sobbed Jim.

"And what about Amelia?"

"You have cut me out with her! She has gone back on me! We loved till you came. Now she says she don't know whether she will have me or not."

"You pumpkinseed! I have simply been courteous to the girl—nothing more. So this is what has been ailing you, is it?"

Jim took from his pocket a memorandum book, and by the fading light of evening he read:

"Amelia was in a flutter about his coming.

"She frizzed her hair for the first time in six months.

"Had on her Sunday dress.

"Had on a breastpin.

"Talked with him about New York, Boston and Chicago, though she never saw these places.

"Said yes, sir, and no, sir, to him.

"Scrambled his eggs for breakfast.

"Asked him to have a third cup of coffee.

"Been dressed up every day since. Been talking about Shakespeare and Byron.

"Talks mostly to him when we sit on the veranda.

"Hain't the same girl she was.

"Won't let her mother cook any more biled dinners. Says they are plebeian and vulgar.

"I am a desperate man."

"You must have been suffering all this time," said the student when the hired man was finished.

"Suffer! I'll show you how I have suffered. Listen to this. And he took the lantern down off its nail and lighted the stub of a candle and solemnly read:

"Amelia struck on the college chap, and he on her. Didn't get to sleep till an hour after midnight.

"College chap eats with a fork. I sneered at him, and Amelia gave me a nasty look.

"College chap combs his hair three times a day. Tried to joke with Amelia about it, but she wouldn't joke.

"College chap says 'thanks' when his plate or cup is handed him. I told Amelia he might be a horse thief for all that, but she said I'd better mend my own manners.

"The two were talking about a poem or something named 'Evangeline,' on the veranda last evening. I broke in to talk about hogs, and later on Amelia said it would be awfully hard to be tied to a man like me.

"Laid awake and tossed all over the bed till I heard the roosters crow. That college chap had best beware. My loving heart is not the only one that has been driven to desperation.

"Amelia still frizzing and saying 'sir.' College chap can play the organ, and sing. I said he'd better be splitting rails instead, and Amelia wouldn't speak to me for the rest of the evening. False girl, beware!

"College chap is too big for me to lick, but I know where I can borrow a shotgun. It can go off by accident. I tried to press Amelia's hand last night, but she wouldn't be pressed. Never slept a wink all night.

"Amelia has told me that I snore in my sleep, and that the college chap don't. She says that snoring is vulgar. More desperation!

"This book will be found on my person. Let it be my excuse for what I am about to do. Amelia: let thy conscience be thy punishment!"

With the ending of the record Jim blew out the candle, hung up the lantern and sat down on a bag of feed and was silent.

"Jim, did you mean to shoot me?" asked Mr. Davis.

"Yes, meant to blow you all to bits!"

"Just wait here till I come back from the house."

He went to his chamber, packed his things, wrote a short note to the farmer as to where to send the wages due him and got back to the barn without being seen. Jim hadn't moved off the bag.

"Going away?" he asked as the other entered.

"Yes."

"Did you bid Amelia good-by?"

"No."

"Didn't give her hand one long last squeeze?"

"I didn't even see her."

"And you won't come back or write?"

"Neither."

"Then—then—" said Jim as he rose and advanced—"then—"

And he kissed the college chap on the cheek and the other felt, as he headed away in the darkness, that the hired man's eyes were wet with tears.

CRITIC DEFINES WHISTLING

R. H. Schauffler, Musical Critic, Declares the Art Should Be Encouraged.

The whistler is generally regarded as a nuisance, and is suppressed if possible, but R. H. Schauffler, the distinguished musical critic, thinks the art ought to be encouraged. Mr. Schauffler confesses in his recent book that he himself whistles Brahms themes whenever he is alone. The Office Window man has never heard Mr. Schauffler whistle, but his own personal opinion is that Brahms is not adapted to whistling, being far too high-browed. The art of whistling really became lost when such tunes as "Money Musk" and the "Irish Washerwoman" passed out of common knowledge. In those old days the accomplished whistler had a trick of wobbling his tongue about in his mouth in such a way as to produce a peculiar effect of trills and harmonies that really belonged to high art. As matters are now, the attempts of an office assistant to render his favorite themes from Wagner, Dvorak, Tschaikowsky, Scharwenka and other eminent Teutonic or Slavonic composers sometimes threaten scenes of carnage and bloodshed that would put Caneva to the blush if the strong hand of justice did not intervene.

An Explanation.

"Your nephew is a college graduate, isn't he?"

"Yes," [illegible] summer [illegible]

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Is, as ever headquarters for everything [illegible] of

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JUST A WORD

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FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

For Fresh Candies Nuts and Fruit Go To **Brasted's**

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 11, 1911.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—There was a big cocking main in Shamokin on Wednesday night of last week which is of local interest. The main, which it is said was for $1,000 a side, was between Bradford and Shamokin bird fanciers, with a number of Smethport birds in the Bradford bunch. The McKean county contingent won out handily and brought back numerous coins and bills formerly of Shamokin.

—The Misses Margaret Phillips and Ethel Vosburg are arranging to go to the far West and establish households on homestead lands. They have employment as commercial ambassadors in that section and will prove up the homesteads during their leisure hours. They will demonstrate how good an article can be done up in a small package, for although they are but mites of women in a comparative way, yet they are hustlers. The Reporter hopes for their success.—Port Allegany Reporter.

—The rumor has been circulated that the Smethport Gas Company contemplates raising the price of gas from 25 to 35 cents per 1000 feet. But we are in position to state that such is not a fact. The writer called at the office of the Smethport Gas Company a few days ago and in response to the question we were informed that nothing had been said about a raise in price of gas at any of the recent directors' meetings. And we were further assured that no such raise was contemplated by the company.

—Olean Times: The exact status of the smallpox situation in the city at present, as obtained this morning from the records of the board of health, is as follows: Thirty-eight cases were reported during the months of November and December, 1911. Of these 27 have been released and 11 are still in quarantine. Twelve houess were quarantined during the present epedemic, so-called, and of these seven have had the quarantine raised and five remain under quarantine. There have been no deaths in the city from smallpox.

—Letters written by President Emeritus Charles W. Eliot of Harvard and John L. Sullivan, the pugilist, have been purchased by John Wilson, a Boston curio collector. Dr. Eliot's signature was purchased for 50 cents, but the bold scrawling hand of "Yours truly, John L.," cost the curio collector 25 cents more. Sullivan couldn't see any reason why his signature should not bring more than that of Harvard's venerable ex-president. "We were both the goods," said Sullivan, in commenting on the price, "but I was strong with the whole people."

—Because she worried constantly after breaking a lamp shade for which she could not pay or replace, Margaret Schlernitzauer, aged 17, a servant girl in an Eastnor avenue, Pittsburgh, home, drank poison Thursday. The household mishap occurred while the girl was dusting. She brooded over it for hours. Unable to endure her despair any longer, she is said to have tried to end her life. She is in Columbia Hospital, Wilkinsburg, in a serious condition.

—Hilding Johnson, aged 12, son of John Johnson, of Coudersport, Potter county, was killed in a coasting accident at that place Wednesday and was buried Friday. The boy was the owner of a pair of bobsleds and with three passengers aboard was going down a steep hill, guiding by laying on his stomach, when he collided with a pair of sleds that were being dragged up the hill. His heart was ruptured and he died almost instantly. The other children were not hurt.

—Brookville is the first town in this part of the State to take advantage of a recent law that allows municipalities to take over the town's water supply from a private corporation and issue bonds against the plant to pay for it, when the amount necessary to purchase would exceed the debt limit allowed by law. At a recent meeting of the council bids for the water bonds amounting to $110,000 were opened and the bonds disposed of at par and a small premium. The town took over the water plant January 1.—DuBois Express.

—The Meadville Republican says: There was a specially touching incident during the progress of the funeral services of Frank A. Striffler, held in St. Agatha's church Sunday afternoon. There had been a heavy rain and the dark clouds obscured the sun while the cortege moved from the house to the church. At the very moment the choir was chanting the words, "Lord, 'give him light and let perpetual light shine upon him," the sun emerged from behind a cloud and lighted up the interior of the church, a ray of sunlight from a window falling across the casket. In his discourse Rt. Rev. Monsignor Franz Winter made a touching reference to the incident.

—The local paper is the only one identified with home interests, says an exchange. It takes note of every happening in your town and you will find a daily record of everything of interest transpiring in the town. It furnishes a complete compendium of its history, and the longer it continues the more are its interests interwoven with yours. It gives your town notoriety and reputation abroad and puts it in close touch with the outside world. It is a living indicator of your daily business, and a chronicler of all that transpires from day to day and year by year. Stand by it and encourage it to go on improving and adding to your prosperity during the year of 1912.

—Tuesday's Star-Record says: Mrs. Katherine Weems, formerly of Bradford, appeared in divorce court in Pittsburgh yesterday, asking for a separation from her husband, Harry S. Weems, of New York city. Mrs. Weems is now living in Pittsburgh. The present whereabouts of the respondent is unknown. To Judge Shafer, Mrs. Weems told of an attempt of her husband to kill her and himself at the foot of the McKinley monument at Buffalo, N. Y., Aug. 24, 1909. Dr. Harry L. Devin, of Shelbyville, Ind., formerly connected with the Emergency Hospital, Buffalo, testified that Mr. and Mrs. Weems were brought to the hospital, the former with a bullet in his head, and Mrs. Weems with three bullet wounds on her person.

—Pennsylvania's kill of buck deer in 1910 will probably be exceeded by the kill of the year just closed when the reports are all in, according to estimates made by men who follow up the hunting records of the state. Dr. Joseph Kalbfus, secreary of the State Game Commission, says he will not make an estimate until all reports are in hand, but says the record is going to be a big one. Last year it is estimated that about 300 deer were killed. This number includes deer with horns, the only kind a hunter may kill under present State laws. Does or fawns which were accidently killed or shot by careless gunners are not counted. Thus far over 500 deer have been reported in Clinton, Lycoming, Cameron and other big hunting counties have not yet sent in final scores. One story is that over 125 were shot in Clinton alone.

Wane of the Self-Made Man.

A comparison of recent issues of "Who's Who in America," shows that, as time goes on, the top rung of the ladder is more seldom occupied by the self-made man. The percentage of college graduates listed in "Who's Who in America" climbed from 56 per cent. in the 1903-05 volume to 58 per cent. in the 1910-11 volume. According to the 1911 statistics, the total number about whom educational facts are given, 71 per cent. have had college training; 58 per cent. are graduates of colleges or schools of college or university grades; 16 per cent. ended their education with secondary schools, that is, high schools, academies, normals or seminaries; 9 per cent. received only a common school education; 3.5 per cent. were privately educated, but most important of all, as a contradiction of the critics, is the fact that only two-tenths of one per cent. of all these men and women were self-taught.—The World's Work.

The Wood Oil Tree.

The tung, or wood oil tree, is worthily named the national tree of China. It is stately in appearance, with smooth green bark and widespreading branches, affording a fine shade. It bears a fruit resembling a shell bark hickory nut, but as large as a small orange. Each nut contains three triangular seeds similar to small Brazil nuts. The oil is pressed from these seeds, and the refuse is used as a fertilizer. The oil is used principally for polishing woodwork and dressing leather. Considerable quantities are exported. The wood of the tung tree is used for making musical instruments, fine boxes and the framework of small houses. It is believed that this tree might flourish in warmer parts of the United States.—Scientific American.

Mean Interference.

Bildad is very proud of his prowess and upon occasion is a trifle quarrelsome because of his assumed powers with his fists. It was rumored that he and Dubbleigh had had a near fight at a little dinner recently given, and Tompkins, desirous of getting at the truth of the matter, broached the subject at the club. "Yes," said Bildad, getting very red in the face, "Dubbleigh and I nearly came to blows. I wanted to lick him then and there, and I'd have done it, too, if I hadn't been grabbed from behind and held me back." "Really?" said Tompkins. "Who was it grabbed you from behind and held you back?" "Dubbleigh," said Bildad gloomily.—Harper's Weekly.

Office Seekers.

Senator Bourne was talking about a confirmed office seeker. "His little son," said Bourne, "looked up from his history lesson one night and said to his mother: "'Mother, if anything should happen to the king of England, who would be king?' "'The prince of Wales,' his mother answered. "'If the prince of Wales should die, who would be king then?' "The mother hesitated. She stammered something or other. It was plain she didn't really know, who would succeed the prince of Wales. Then the boy interrupted her. "'Well,' he said, with a sigh, 'anyhow, I hope father won't try for it.'"

Stubs and Scribes.

A Kansas economist is worried because humanity is so wasteful in the matter of lead pencils. He say the ordinary pencil is used for about half its length and the stub is then thrown away. Thousands of these stubs are thrown away every day, and the waste is something appalling. Strange to say, the shocked professor make no mention of the wasteful use of the other end of the pencil, which is much more to be regretted than the stub extravagance. Think this out.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Did as He Was Told.

A young Irishman from a remote part of Ireland recently secured a berth as barman at a hotel in Manchester. The first morning at 6 o'clock young Murphy was instructed to light the lamps outside. This he proceeded to do very businesslike, but half an hour later could not be found. Inquiries were made, and eventually Murphy was seen about 7:30 lighting a lamp near Middleton, having lit all the lamps on the Rochdale road for about [illegible].—Ideas.

What He Took.

Hilary K. Adair, the western detective, was praising at a banquet in Dubuque, the generous warmth accorded by John D. Rockefeller I. to sheriffs, bailiffs, and other myrmidons of the law. "They don't get treated at John D.'s," said Mr. Adair, "as old Cluss once treated me. Cluss runs, you know, a saloon. I was waiting in his place one cold December night to nab a bigamist when Cluss came out from an inner room wrapped in a heavy ulster. 'Why, hello, Adair!' he said, shaking me warmly by the hand. 'I'm glad to see you. What'll you take?' 'Well,' said I, 'I don't know—I'm not particular.' Cluss, who had been watching me anxiously, now put in with the words: "'Good! slip on your overcoat, then, and we'll take a walk. I was just starting out.'"

Brief Description.

The artistic description of Signor Caruso as "a fat man," by the delightful Trentini, recalls the fact that there are others. On the occasion of the latest visit to New York of President Taft, a small boy of Montclair was brought to the city to see the great man from Washington. He pledged himself to his envious schoolmates to send them a full description of the appearance and bearing of the president. This is the manner in which he kept his word: "We went to the colored picture show, and had our eats at a child's eating place. I had a gun in a toy store, and ma told me to keep it from the police. There was a drunk man on the cars, who cried like a baby. We had a good time and some lemonade. Mr. Taft is a fat man."

Flowers From the Sky.

Vedrines set out from Toulon yesterday to do something for which he has been waiting a week to accomplish. He wished to drop a wreath from the sky above the distorted hulk of the Liberte outside Toulon harbor. For four days the wind was blowing half a gale, but yesterday it slackened. At 6:30 Vedrines shot up above the harbor and dropped gradually in a spiral until only 50 feet above the wreck, when he let the wreath fall. Unfortunately the wind blew it wide. A coast guard boat immediately put out and the wreath was hung to one of the 12-inch guns. Vedrines, who had circled over the harbor waiting to see this done, then flew off to Marseilles.—London Evening Standard.

Tree Wasn't Laying Well.

Out in east Cleveland, on the other side of Mr. Rockefeller's estate, where there are wheat fields and woodlands and country lanes, there dwells a little boy. That child recently promised a friendly neighbor that he would bring her a bushel of walnuts this fall. He knew where the trees were, and he was sure he could make good. But on the day named for delivering the goods he did not arrive. A week passed, and he was still tardy. At the end of thirteen days he appeared at his neighbor's back door with about a quart of nuts. "I'm awfully sorry," he said, breathlessly, "but—well, th' tree ain't layin' very well this year!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Even the Cooks Were Surprised.

The chef at Delmonico's was reflecting over the unique dinner he cooked recently for James Easton Tower, the editor of Good Housekeeping, his staff and a lot of friends, and figuring on whether he could serve a dinner for 500 banqueters with paper bag cooking as promptly as he had 50. It is said that some of the under cooks were strongly prejudiced against upsetting the traditions of their craft by cooking in paper bags, even for once, and were surprised and delighted at the results obtained.—New York Sun.

Vague Suspicion.

"Jonadab," says his wife, "I am beginning to have doubts of your sincerity." "You are!" "Yes, I have observed that whenever I find it necessary to speak to you in an admonitory way, you very soon thereafter bump into a chair or a door and mutter under your breath. I am growing to believe that you bump into things just as an excuse for swearing about what I say to you."

The Supreme Test.

"There never was Amos's equal for up-an'-down good nature," said Mrs. Clifford, in speaking of her deceased husband to the new summer boarder. "My son Joe always said pa was more patient than Job. "I tell you," she continued, "you can figure for yourself how patient Amos was by this. Our old horse, Dandy, would get the rein under his tail, an' keep it there off 'n' on for ten mile without Amos' getting mad."

Advantages of a Myth.

"Santa Claus," said Mr. Growcher, "is a mere myth." "Well," replied Miss Cayenne, "perhaps it is just as well if he is. There will be no danger of his coming back to make capital of his popularity by running for office or starting a magazine."

Chance for Lucrative Business.

Coaling and equipping the ships passing through the Panama canal is expected to become an immense business.

Probably.

"Poor girl, she is love-sick." "Caught it from the germs in kisses, I suppose."

Knowledge for Its Own Sake.

Meanwhile from the earliest epoch (3634 B. C.) the Chinese had utilized the characteristic property of the compass needle, but do not seem to have connected it with any theoretical ideas. The really profound changes in human life all have their ultimate origin in knowledge pursued for its own sake. The use of the compass was not introduced into Europe till the end of the twelfth century, A. D., more than 4,000 years after its first use in China. The importance which the study of electric [illegible] has since attained in every department of human life is not due to the superior practical [illegible] of investigations, but to the fact that in the vast electrical and magnetic phenomena were studied by men who were dominated by abstract theoretic interests.—A. N. Whitehead in "An Introduction to Mathematics."

Whist.

Former Associate Justice of the Supreme Court Shiras is set in his views about the sphere of woman. Mrs. Shiras is a devotee of whist, and was at one time a member of a whist club that met on several evenings each week. After a club meeting Mrs. Shiras asked one of the club members to drive home with her in her carriage. When the came to the Shiras house the escort stepped to the door with Mrs. Shiras. The justice opened the door himself in answer to the ringing of the bell, but as the hall was dark it was not certain who was in the hallway. "Is that you, Mr. Justice?" asked the person who had driven home with Mrs. Shiras. "Yes," he replied; "this is the old man waiting for the new woman."—Saturday Evening Post.

Head For Figures.

Horatio A. Foster, the statistical engineer, has a mind that finds expression in terms of mathematics. "It isn't all bird seed and fish bone to own a mind that runs to figures as mine does," said he the other day. "Trouble is that you can't think in any other way. For example, I am very fond of chocolate ice cream. I invariably order it as dessert. Five years ago I bought a dish in one of the big downtown restaurants in New York. 'This ice cream,' I said to myself, 'is 93 per cent. of a possible 100 per cent. of excellence.' I haven't enjoyed a dish since, because for the past five years I've been mentally comparing every dish of ice cream I've tasted with this 93 per cent. dish."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

European Centenarians.

Centenarians in Europe are much more numerous in the south than in the north, according to the investigations of a German scientist. From statistics he has collected it appears that Bulgaria has one centenarian in every hundred of the population, while Germany can barely muster one in a million. Germany, in fact, has only 76 such patriarchs, compared with Bulgaria's 3,883. Rumania has 1,074, Servia 573, Spain 410, France 213, Italy 197, Austria-Hungary 113, Great Britain 92, Russia 89, Norway 23, Sweden 10, and Belgium 5.

Minister and Priest.

Times have, indeed, changed from the days of the immigration of the Puritans to that of their old-time antagonists. The earlier warfare has died away, and many a minister of an old Puritan church on this side of the water feels an affection for the faithful priest of the humble multitudes of his own town which he does not feel for some ministers who bear the name of Protestant. In the mental and spiritual spheres attraction often decreases with the nearness of two bodies and repulsion increases.—The Christian Register.

Red Hoods.

"If you have taken a degree in divinity at Oxford, you are entitled to wear a red hood." The speaker was Ethelbert Reed, the Duluth psychologist. He continued: "Wearing a red hood myself, I take a natural interest in hood stories. There is one about a man who complained to his bishop that So-and-So, though not of Oxford, was wearing a master's hood. "'And I call it, bishop,' said the complainant bitterly, 'wearing a lie on his back.' "'Oh, don't use so strong a word as that,' said the bishop. 'Just call it a false hood.'"

And He's a Positivist, Too!

If I were a beneficent millionaire, I would endow no more universities or libraries until I had built the grandest and most beautiful temple on this earth . . . wherein the most exquisite choral service should be chanted at least three times each day, and then, not troubling myself about the words, I would sit in the outer porch for hours, and let the music of it flow over my soul.—Frederic Harrison.

Where Flattery Fails.

"You should remember," said the complacent plagiarist, "that imitation is the sincerest flattery." "It's a pleasant argument," replied the irritable author, "but it never kept a man from being arrested for counterfeiting a dollar bill."

Another Sure Sign.

When people begin saying how young you look it is sure a sign you are growing old.—Atchison Globe.

To Make Much Land Productive.

It is proposed to dam the Blue Nile and thus provide irrigation for 600,000 acres.

Powerful in Prayer.

James H. Stewart, director of the agricultural experiment station at Morgantown, was in Pittsburg the other day. He is an exceptionally big man, with all the native American fondness of big men for humor, love to listen to a good story, and love to tell one. Here is his latest: "I attended a colored camp meeting in one of our West Virginia counties where there is a large colored population, and while there heard a powerful prayer by one of the preachers in behalf of the missionaries. 'Oh, Lawd,' he prayed, 'extend thy protecting arm ober de missionaries in all parts ob de wul', in Asia, and in Persia; in Europe and in Africa; in de land ob de midnight sun, and in de islands ob de sea; and especially, oh, Lawd, guard and watch obeh dem missionaries in dat fah off land whar de foot of man has never trod and dat de eye of Gawd has neber seen.'"—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

"Papa" Came From France.

The use of "papa" in this country illustrates the flow and ebb of fashion in words, as in costume, pretty clearly. All authorities agree that "papa" and "mamma" arrived here from France in the seventeenth century. At first they were courtly expressions, and were used by "persons of fashion," adults as well as children, in the eighteenth century. But with the nineteenth century the middle classes took them up, originally regarding them as genteel; in our own time one of the faults of the hero of "'E dunno w'ere 'e are," after coming into "a little bit o' splosh," was that he "'ad the cheek and impudence to call 'is mother 'ma.'" The usual result followed. Everybody's words, adopted as genteel, became vulgar; and now "papa" and "mamma" are dying out even among children.—London Chronicle.

Owl in a Doughnut Tree.

She isn't small. But she was new to the country life when she went to visit friends. The noises of the country were all new to her. She was awakened in the middle of a sound sleep by a noise that seemed to come from a tree not far from her window. It sounded like the nickering of a colt as nearly as her jaded city senses could place the sound, but how could a colt be up a tree? So she turned and shook her country cousin. "Dolly, what is that noise? Sounds like the little black colt." Dolly listened a moment and then from the tree came the tremulous notes of an owl. "Colt, nothing!" she exclaimed in disdain; "that's an owl singing in the doughnut tree!"

Grange National Bank

Smethport - - - - - Pa.

Assets..... $565,150.00

We solicit your account.

IF ITS NEW and NICE and GOOD TO EAT

The chances are we have it

And we would appreciate your trade

And strive to please you in every way

J. COLEGROVE, Grocer
Smethport, Pa.

Just Received

A new stock of goods have arrived and are on display at my store in the Young Block, opposite Fry & Comes, I am prepared to do all kinds of Portrait enlarging. Millinery and 5- and 10-cent counter. Give me a call.

May Chadwick,

Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Terms—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to HARRY L. HACKER, Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 11, 1911.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Editor Miner:—Please announce my candidacy for Congress from the Twenty-First congressional district, subject to the action of the Republican voters at the primaries in April.

CHARLES E. PATTON.

Curwensville, Pa., Jan. 10, 1912.

Baltimore is to have the next National Democratic convention which will be held on June 15.

Col. James Guffey, Democrat of the old guard, put one over on his opponents in the National Committee contest.

Three torpedo boats, the McCall, Mayrant and Terry were lost in the Atlantic along the Southern coast last Friday and it is feared that the first named two are destroyed with all on board. The Terry came into port on Tuesday in a terrible condition and its crew almost dead from exhaustion and exposure. Several United States cruisers have been searching the seas for the other boats but up to this time no trace of them has been found.

This morning's dispatches states that the McCall has been found and is being assisted to Bermuda.

The magnificent building of the Equitable Assurance Society, No. 120 Broadway, New York, was destroyed by fire Tuesday morning and seven persons sacrificed their lives in the terrific battle to save lower New York from a tremendous conflagration. The work of rescue was the most amazing ever witnessed. In addition to the known dead 15 are missing. The cold wave which has had the city in its grasp for several days, added to the difficulties of the men fighting the fire, coating men and apparatus with heavy casings of ice and snow. Thousands watched the struggle which began before dawn and was not won by the entire fighting machinery of the great metropolis until nightfall.

The State Game Commission at the Thursday, decided against spending annual meeting at Harrisburg last State money for the protection of game on lands of people who fence them off and refuse to permit hunting there and also adopted resolutions strongly urging the making of appropriations to carry out the State law placing a bounty on the scalps of wild cats and other predatory animals. The commission favored the establishment of additional game preserves and directed that the feeding of quail and other game be done by agents of the commission under the direction of its officers. Dr. Charles B. Penrose of Philadelphia, was re-elected persident, and Dr. Joseph Kalbfus, of Harrisburg, secretary. All attaches were continued in office.

The revenue of boroughs, townships and counties will be largely increased under the act of 1911, P. L. page 38, which was passed by the legislature imposing an occupation tax on unnaturalized residents. Foreigners residing within the state are required to pay the same occupation tax that is imposed upon citizens, with the exception that they are exempt from any poll tax that may be imposed. Assessors are including the unnaturalized residents on their rolls this year and, as a consequence, the income of boroughs will be increased to some extent. There are numerous unnaturalized residents living in every borough who heretofore have contributed nothing to the support of the schools or the municipality. The increased revenues will go to the support of the schools, the municipal government and the county. It is expected the income from occupation tax will be considerably greater than in previous years.—Kane Republican.

The Philadelphia Press graphically sums up the Richeson case in the following editorial:

The confession of the Boston pastor, Richeson, of a peculiarly foul and cold-blooded murder, comes with that added shock which follows every fresh discovery that there still are men who will steal the livery of the court of heaven to serve the Devil in.

This crime lacked not one of the elements of villainy. This man while serving as pastor of a little country church won the love of a young girl of the neighborhood, and, with the promise to marry her on his lying lips, betrayed her. Called to serve a wealthier congregation in a more populous suburb of Boston, he engaged himself there to another young woman, the daughter of wealthy parents. In the meantime he continued to act the part of the promised husband to his victim until the latter's disgrace could no longer be concealed. Then, with the double purpose of covering up his own perfidy and removing a fatal obstacle to the highly advantageous alliance which was about to be consummated, he sent to the poor little country girl under the guise of medicine, the amount of poison necessary to get her out of the way. That, in its bald outlines, is the story of the crime.

Such depravity is rare, of course. But it is a shock to realize that such a man as Richeson in this age and under our present civilization can walk the earth and that the cloth which makes its special appeal to godly men can cover so black a heart.

PERSONAL MENTION.

W. J. Kerr had business in Mt. Jewett last Thursday.

Sheriff M. C. Bain was a Bradford visitor on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Hungiville were Buffalo visitors last week.

Miss Anna Berg was a Mt. Jewett visitor the latter part of last week.

Miss Ethel Bronk left Monday for Lock Haven where she is a student.

Deputy Sheriff Wm. H. Morrison had business in Bradford last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Backus returned home from a visit to Buffalo last Saturday.

Leo McNally of Rochester, N. Y., is the guest of relatives and friends in this place.

Mrs. Kate Wright has returned home from an extended visit with her daughter in Erie.

Allen Morrison left Thursday for Geneva, N. Y., where he is a student in Hobart College.

Editor Boller of the Port Allegany Argus was a pleasant caller at this office yesterday afternoon.

Robert Daly who has been the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Daly, has returned to Notre Dame college.

Miss Bessie Hungerford who is a student at the Bradford Business College was a guest of her cousin, Miss Ruth Hungerford, over Sunday.

Miss Hazel Stickles who has been spending the past few months with relatives in Albany, N. Y., has returned to her home in East Smethport.

County Superintendent and Mrs. C. W. Lillibridge were called to Port Allegany the latter part of last week on account of the death of his mother.

SOCIETY ELECTS OFFICERS.

Commonwealth Humane Society Holds Annual Meeting—President Stone's Address.

The annual meeting of the Commonwealth Humane Society was held last Friday afternoon in the rooms of the McKean County Historical Society at Bradford. The following officers and directors were elected:

President, Hon. R. B. Stone; first vice president, Mrs. F. P. Schoonmaker; second vice-president, Hon. R. J. Hoffman; secretary and treasurer, E. B. Chappell; directors, R. B. Stone, Mrs. F. P. Schoonmaker, R. J. Hoffman, E. B. Chappell, Rev. W. G. Price Mrs. F. H. Willis, D. C. Young, Mrs. A. L. English, W. S. Gaffney, Mrs. C. M. Brooks, Elisha K. Kane.

Hon. R. B. Stone, president of the society, read his annual report which was as follows:

Bradford, Pa., Jan. 5, 1912.

To the Members of the Commonwealth Humane Society:

The work of this society since its last annual meeting has been restricted by lack of means. It has been chiefly dependent upon voluntary services, supported by such measures of aid as the law affords in cases of successful prosecution for its violation. The corporate purpose of the society, as amended, consists in the "prevention of cruelty to animals, children and aged persons, in providing temporary relief for the same, and shelter and maintenance for destitute and homeless persons, during such period as, in the discretion of the said corporation, the circumstances may appear to require; in providing, also, for the care, custody and control of dependent, neglected, incorrigible and delinquent children under the age of 16 years, within the contemplation of the juvenile laws of the commonwealth of Pennsylvania; and to the ends aforesaid to organize, supervise and conduct the administrations of subordinate and tributary societies or branches, within the counties of McKean, Potter, Tioga, Cameron, Clearfield, Elk, Warren and Venango, in said commonwealth."

Thus a wide field for usefulness has been opened, and the extension of the juvenile law and incidental establishment of the juvenile court, have rendered the work of the society far more important and effective than had previously been possible. By reason of the fact that the headquarters of the society is in the city of Bradford, a larger number of cases have been brought to the attention of the court in the county of McKean than elsewhere in our corporate district, and it is due to say that nowhere in the commonwealth has the juvenile law been interpreted and administered in a more sympathetic, humane, wise and efficient manner than in the judicial district composed of the county of McKean. It has been at the instance of the president judge that the county commissioners have erected a separate building for the temporary detention of children in custody. It was upon his disclosure of certain defects in the juvenile law that these defects were remedied by legislation. The appointment by the court of the general agent of the society as a probation officer has afforded some measure of compensation for his services. It is hoped that the agents of the society in the other counties of the district may receive similar appointment, and that with the aid which the state appropriation will afford, a more efficient organization may be effected and maintained in all the principal centers of the several counties. The known existence of such an organization in any community has its own salutary effect, especially if it is actively represented by an agent who is not only vigilant, but considerate, fearless but prudent.

Mr. A. N. Heard has served as the general agent of the society during the past year, and in the discharge of his duties has made numerous arrests and brought several cases to the attention of the court. At the same time, he has by admonition and warning accomplished much that could not be measured by statistics.

The removal from the state of the secretary of the society has rendered it impossible to present at this time a satisfactory report in detail of the work accomplished. At the same it has impressed the importance of the duties of that office, considerably increased as they must necessarily be in order to justify the society in asking for the continuous aid of the state. The reports of the general and local agents should be carefully compiled. The increase of tributary organizations will add to the volume of correspondence. The re-enactment in the school code of the law enjoining "instruction in humane education" contributing as it does the force of statutory authority towards the strengthening of public opinion on the subject, nevertheless imposes upon the society the duty to manifest solicitous concern for the adoption of some stated and carefully considered course of such instruction in the schools of the district. Letters of inquiry and suggestion have accordingly been addressed to school superintendents in the several counties. It is confidently believed that it will be seen by those who are charged with the education of children that nothing in the curriculum can be more vitally important in the formation of character than to touch the springs of kindness and gentleness and make them responsive to the call of humanity.

The inauguration in certain foreign countries of a movement organized under the name of the "World Scouts" suggests a method which might well be made auxiliary to this society. The scope of this European movement is that which is embodied in our charter. It appeals, not to a spirit of militarism, but rather to impulses of heroism and aims to enlist the young in acts of kindly chivalry and gallantry towards the aged, the helpless child, the lame and the blind, and all living things. It prompts the youthful wearer of its badge to rescue those who are in peril or need, wherever they may be, and is calculated by such effort and achievement to cultivate and refine the instincts which are indispensible to true nobility of character. Let us call the boys and girls to enlist in this cause.

RUFUS B. STONE,
President for the Society.

THE LYCEUM

Friday, Jan. 12.

The Play of The Day.

O. E. WEE, Offers The Powerful Western DRAMA

THE COUNTY SHERIFF

In 4 Acts by LEON B. PARKER.

A thrilling and sensational play of the Northwest.

THE CLIMAX OF EMOTION

Beautiful in Sentiment. Full of Comedy.

Special Scenery.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of a writ of Fieri Facias issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pa., and to me directed, I will expose at the premises of William D. Davidson, otherwise known as William M. Davidson, in the Township of Liberty, McKean County, Pa., on

MONDAY, JANUARY 29, 1912,

at 1:30 o'clock P. M., all the defendant's interest in the following described property:

All that piece of land situate in Liberty Township, County of McKean, and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at the northwest corner of lot No. 20 as laid out on the plot of C. A. Dolley's addition to Liberty Township (Old Fair Grounds); thence northerly one (61) degrees east eleven and seventy-five one hundredths (11.75) rods to the northeast corner of the same; thence by the east line of same south thirty-four (34) degrees east five and eighty-three one hundredths (5.83) rods; thence south twenty-nine (29) degrees east two and two tenths (2.2) rods to the southeast corner of same; thence along the south line of said lot south sixty-one (61) degrees west twelve and twenty-five one hundredths (12.25) rods to the east line of Seneca Street; thence along same north 29 degrees west eight (8) rods to the place of beginning. Being lot No. 12 as above mentioned. Improved and having thereon situate one one and a half story frame dwelling house and usual outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of William D. Davidson, otherwise known as William M. Davidson, at the suit of T. F. Mullin.

M. C. BAIN, Sheriff.

Dec.11-3t
Smethport, Pa., January 10, 1912.

AUDITORS' REPORT

Of Keating Township Road Funds for the Year 1911.

A. G. Farley, Collector.

Dr.		
To balance on 1909 duplicate	$ 278 02	$278 02
Cr.		
By exonerations on 1909 Duplicate	$ 4 74	
By paid Treasurer Stratton	273 28	$278 02
Road and Per Capita Fund.		
Dr.		
To balance on 1910 duplicate	$ 1013 79	$1013 79
Cr.		
By exonerations on 1910 Duplicate	$ 148 94	
Amt. due from Collector Farley to balance	864 85	$1013 79
Road Bond Fund.		
Dr.		
To balance on 1910 duplicate	$ 631 65	$631 65
Cr.		
By exonerations	$ 27 48	
Amt. due on 1910 duplicate to balance	599 17	$631 65
Road & Per Capita Fund 1911.		
Dr.		
To amount of duplicate Road and Per Capita	$ 5737 86	$5737 86
Cr.		
By amt. paid Treasurer Stratton	$ 3443 56	
By 5 per cent. allowed tax payers on $3220.12	161 46	
By 2 per cent. commission on $3067.66	61 35	
By 5 per cent. commission on $460.20	23 01	
Balance due Road and Per Capita Fund, minus exoneration to balance	2008 48	$5737 86
Road Bond Fund.		
Dr.		
To amt. Road Bond duplicate 1911	$ 2080 83	$2080 83
Cr.		
By paid Treasurer Stratton	$ 1384 74	
By 5 per cent. allowed tax payers on $1299.28	64 96	
By 2 per cent. commission on $1234.32	24 69	
By 5 per cent. commission on $184.32	9 24	
Amt. due Bond Fund to balance	597 23	$2080 83

J. H. STRATTON, Treasurer
Road and Per Capita Fund.

Dr.		
To balance in Grange National Bank last Auditors' report	$ 458 25	
To received from Collector Farley 1909 duplicate	273 28	
To received from Collector Farley 1911 duplicate	3412 56	
To received from State Bonus	261 68	
To received from Ex-Treasurer P. A. Gallup	24 63	$4761 40
Cr.		
By paid for work on roads, men and teams	$ 2749 81	
By paid for water troughs & snow fence	65 00	
By paid for Supervisors' expenses	48 00	
By paid for Auditors' fees	46 00	
By paid Secretary and Treasurer's salary	127 60	
By paid stationery and postage	12 95	
By paid Pathmaster C. W. Stratton	280 00	
By paid Pathmaster C. H. Curtis	130 00	
By paid Pathmaster M. S. Comes	98 17	
By paid for freight and material	157 81	
By paid for machinery	36 80	
By paid for printing	48 00	
By paid for debt and interest	45 00	
By paid for hardware	60 24	
By paid for work on bridges	963 00	
By paid for wide tire wagons	58 47	
By paid for damage paid Roy Chase, horse injured	25 00	
By paid blacksmithing	2 75	
By balance in Grange Bank	188 28	$4761 40
Road Bond Fund.		
Dr.		
To amount received of Collector Farley	$ 1384 74	$1384 74
Cr.		
By paid Bonds Nos. 3 and 4	$ 1000 00	
By paid interest on Bonds issued	200 00	
By balance in Grange Bank	184 74	$1384 74
Liabilities of District.		
Bonds outstanding	$ 3000 00	
Outstanding orders in Grange Bank	1106 66	
Borrowed of Grange Bank	1500 00	
Outstanding orders	15 27	$5621 93
Resources.		
Due from Collector Farley on 1910 Bond Fund	$ 599 17	
Due from Collector Farley on 1911 Bond Fund minus exonerations	597 23	
Due from Collector Farley Road Fund 1910	864 85	
Due from Collector Farley Road Fund 1911	2008 48	
Due from uncseated lands, estimated	1600 00	
Liabilities in excess of Resources	492 20	$5621 93

We, the Auditors of Keating Township, having examined the accounts of A. G. Farley, Collector, and J. H. Stratton, Treasurer, of the different Road Funds of Keating Township, do find them as above stated.

S. D. CRAWFORD,
WM. TANNER,
F. L. CONNER,
Auditors.

Grange Bank, Dec. 19, 1911.

A FEW SUGGESTION FOR CHRISTMAS SHOPPERS

Ladies take Notice:

Neckties in Xmas Boxes
Mens Garters in Combination Sets
Silk Sox
Initial Handkerchiefs
Bath Robes
Suit Cases
Overcoats
Suits
Hats
Shirts
Everything to wear for the men and boys

H. W. Rubin,

THE RELIABLE CLOTHIER

HULL UMBRELLAS
DETACHABLE HANDLES

Come in and

Look over our fine line of Gold Handle Umbrellas from $3 up to $15.00. Also a complete line of Jewelry and cut glass.

Engstrom & Olson

An Ad. in The Miner Means More Business

THE HOME OF Quality Groceries

WHAT PLACE
Can be more
TANTALIZING
TO THE KIDS
han the pantry with locked doors.
ESPECIALLY

When they know it is filled
With Good Things From Our Store!
Be patient, until meal time Kids!

TRY THESE, They'll Please!

GEO. WASHINGTON
Prepared coffee.

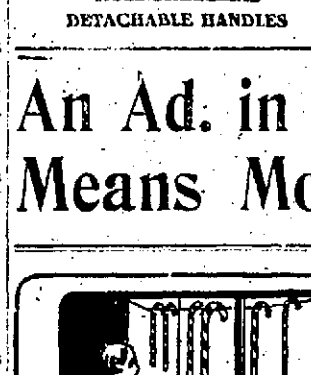
Made in the cup.

Does not contain chicory or any other adulterant.

ARTIS BROTHERS'
PLUM PUDDING

Just the thing to complete that Christmas Dinner.

F. W. BROWNELL,
PHONE 7.



HOLIDAY GOODS

In the "wet" line assuredly add to the general rejoicing. What would your Christmas dinner be without a half dozen bottles of superior champagnes, clarets or Burgundies, preceded by cocktails or straight whiskey, topped off with some fine cordial? Oh, we'll make your Christmas festivities long to be remembered if you give us an order.

F. H. HUNGIVILLE,
Wholesale Liquors.

SHOES! SHOES!

This is the place to buy your shoes. We Carry the Finest line of Ladies' and Children's Shoes. Mens' and Boys Shoes in gun metal and patent leather. A big line of working shoes.

Anderson & Carlson,

THE SHOE MEN

Smethport, Penna.

The Lindholm Company

"A Happy New Year"

Next Week we will have something Interesting for our patrons.

The Lindholm Co.

The Store of Quality and Low Price.

Great January Inventory

Clearance Sale

—AT—

DALY & GARLICK

HARDWARE AND PLUMBING

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 11, 1911.

LOCAL AND GENERAL,

—Happy is the man with a big wood pile.

—Black diamonds are much sought for in this section at the present time.

—Born, to Mr. and Mrs. George W. Brennan, on Friday, January 5, 1912, a girl.

—Daly & Garlick advertise a January Inventory Clearance sale this week.

—George Brennan has been quite ill for several days the past week, threatened with pneumonia.

—Don't fail to see "The County Sheriff," a Western melo-drama, at the Lyceum Friday night.

—Mrs. C. C. Choate entertained the Bridge Whist Club at her home on Pike street last Saturday afternoon.

—Mrs. John B. Eastman entertained the Bridge Whist Club at her home on King street yesterday afternoon.

—The man who gives the least toward a chairatible fund is usually the one to shout graft in the dispensing of such fund.

—The price of crude oil has gone up five cents per barrel during the past week. This is pleasing news to producers throughout the country.

—About thirty friends of Miss Ella Gallup tendered her a surprise party at her home on King street Friday evening it being the anniversary of her birth.

—Mr. and Mrs. George J. Chase have moved from rooms in Mrs. T. F. Richmond's home on West Main street to the Mrs. Kate Taylor's residence on Cemetery street.

—The Rebekahs will give a dance Monday evening, Jan. 15, at the I. O. O. F. hall, for the purpose of buying paraphernalia. Dance and supper $1, extra ladies, 25c. Good music. You are cordially invited.

—The Smethport Ice Company and various others who harvest ice in this place have been putting up some excellent ice during the past week. From present indications there will be no shortage of ice next summer.

—The board of school directors has been organized for the year: President, Dr. John Clark; secretary, F. D. Gallup; treasurer, W. F. Specht. The other two members are H. H. Redfield and Guy McCoy.

—The case of John M. Andrews, convicted of the murder of Emile Amann in Warren county, was argued for a new trial in the Supreme court at Philadelphia on Monday. After the case was heard the Court reserved its decision until a later date.

—Mr. and Mrs. Orlo J. Hamlin entertained a few friends at their home on West Main street last Thursday evening, January 4, 1912, the occasion being the thirteenth anniversary of their marriage. A tasty and delicious Bohemian luncheon was served and all present spent a very enjoyable evening.

—Mr. and Mrs. Frank P. Isherwood have moved their household goods to Bradford where they will reside in the future. This estimable couple have resided in Smethport for the past four years, during which time Mr. Isherwood has been county treasurer and both have made many warm friends who regret to see them leave our midst.

—William Griffiths of Wilkes-Barre was denied a divorce on Tuesday of this week. He proposed to and married his wife after knowing her but one hour and the president judge was of the opinion that if he had made a bad match it was due to his contributory negligence in not getting better acquainted before taking the important step.

—"The County Sheriff" which comes to the Smethport Lyceum on Friday, Jan. 12, is a thoroughly interesting play, packed with exciting adventure, sentimental incident and humorous situations. A strong acting company, together with a heavy scenic production, makes this one of the most pleasing comedy dramas of the season.

—Mr. and Mrs. David Robinson announce the marriage of the daughter, Florence Rose, to Herbert Hamilton Foster, Tuesday, January 2nd, 1912. At home after Jan. 9, 1912, 814 Poplar St. Ottawa, Kansas. Mr. Foster was principal of the Smethport schools several years ago and has many friends here who wish he and his bride a long and happy life.

—Methodist church. The Communion service omitted last Sunday will be held Sunday a. m. Theme of sermon, "Atonement and At-one-ment." All members of church and congregation urged to be present. Evening subject, "What it Means to be a Christian." The second in the series on "Becoming and Being a Christian."

—William Hagan, better known here as Surley Hagan, pleaded guilty in court on Tuesday to stealing an overcoat from a dummy in front of Ellis Goodman's store in Bradford a short time ago, and was given the following sentence: A fine of $10, the payment of the costs of prosecution and four months in the work house at Allegheny.

Mrs. Eva Lillibridge, mother of County Superintendent of Schools C. W. Lillibridge, died at her home in Port Allegany on Friday, Jan. 5, 1912, pneumonia being the cause of her death. She was 57 years of age. She was one of Port Allegany's most estimable women and her death will be deeply mourned by a large circle of friends. The funeral services were held on Monday. Interment in the Port Allegany cemetery.

—The telephone pole in front of the "Nook" on Main street blew down across the street last Friday night. This is the pole that Harold Backus, Harold McCarthy and Frank Purtle ran into a year ago last June with Judge Bouton's automobile and the former was killed. The pole was quite badly splintered at that time but had stood until taken down by the hard wind last Friday night. Workmen have been busy ever since replacing the pole.

—Howard Rees, the thirteen-year-old son of the late Charles Rees, who died about three years ago, has lived with his mother in Austin since soon after his father's death. Last Saturday Howard went to the woods with a shot gun to kill a rabbit, instead he came within an ace of killing himself. He fell down, the gun went off and the boy is shy an arm. He was taken to the Austin hospital where the doctors found the left arm so badly shattered that amputation was necessary.—Potter Democrat.

—On Saturday at Franklin, to a correspondent of the Derrick, Joseph C. Sibley stated that within a few days he will liberate twelve pairs of Hungarian pheasants and twelve dozen of quail on the farms he recently purchased on the Cranberry side of the river above Franklin. He has also purchased seventeen trios to his collection of game birds. Mr. Sibley will bind shocks of corn to saplings and construct a roof over the shocks distributing grain at the base thereof to provide the birds sustenance.

—Dramatic scenes, thrilling incidents, strenuous events following one another in rapid succession; pathos, revenge and passion; a strong love, bubbling humor and a powerful plot that one follows with breathless interest from beginning to end—such is "The County Sheriff," O. E. Wee's latest production to be seen at the Smethport Lyceum on Friday, Jan. 12, a new play, entirely re-written by Lem B. Parker, with a strong company, beautiful scenery and a number of pleasing specialties may be expected.

—Saturday afternoon at Franklin Geo. S. Arnott, aged about 32 years, was found in a bathroom at his home with the top of his head blown off with a heavy pistol bullet. At his side lay a .41 calibre Bolgium revolver with an empty shell in one of the chambers and all the others entirely empty. While members of the family profess to believe that Arnott accidently shot himself from the appearance of the wound it could not but have been self-inflicted. No cause is known for the rash act, but it is thought that the victim of the shooting had some financial difficulties unknown to his relatives.

—The entertainment given at the Smethport Lyceum last Thursday evening for the benefit and under the direction of the Smethport Fire Department by the Fisher Shipp Concert company was well attended and all were highly pleased with the performance. Miss Pettit, the violinist, was so indisposed with a cold that she could not appear, but the other members of the company took their parts so well that she really was not missed. The committee in charge are to be congratulated on securing such excellent attractions for their course.

—A combined State-wide effort is to be made this year to elect members of the legislature who will vote to enact a law abolishing the custom of treating—An Anti-Treating Law. A bill making it a criminal offense for any one to give or to accept a treat at the bar or anywhere else on the premises of any licensed hotel or drinking place: an offense punishable with a heavy fine to go to the informer. It is urged by the promoters of the bill that such a law will be the means of preventing bar-room loafing as well as criminal suits which originate from accidents and deaths caused directly by excessive drinking by mixed or indiscriminate crowds. Such a law would cure the evils of drink and remove the curse of intemperance.

—This morning's Era says: Judson Jones, in touching tones, to Bradford's mayor appealing, said, "Mr. Mayor, just hear my prayer and show a tender feeling. It is no joke, I'm tired and broke; I can not earn a living; to jail I'd go from frost and snow and utter a thanksgiving! A three months' bit would make a hit; G. Bailey's doing his'n; Your Honor, please, to me just ease a term in Smethport's prison." His honor frowned and looked around and Jones was then admonished to mend his ways, twice ninety days—and Jud was much astonished. "Too much!" said he; "my simple plea a three months' term requested." "Take him away," the mayor did say, "my word shan't be contested." So Jud, to-day, will go away to fill a six-month sentence. The city pays his board and lays up hope for his repentance.

—Dr. Simon Flexner, the noted head of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, has announced the discovery of a drug which, in his belief, will conquer infantile paralysis, probably the most puzzling disease known to medical science. The remedy is known as uroplin and is formed by the action of amonia and formaldehyde. So far experiments in its use have been made upon monkeys because it must undergo certain modifications before it can be administered to human beings. The Rockefeller Institute experts are now at work on these modifications. The remedy is administered direct into the nervous system by injection into the brain [illegible] needle. Dr. Flexner [illegible] the peculiar theory that infantile paralysis is a germ disease but that the germ is so small that it cannot be discovered by any microscope yet invented. He practically asks that human ingenuity set to work to find some instrument that will allow men of science to see the producer of the disease.

LOOK OUT FOR THIS FELLOW.

Something New on the Bogus Check Line Tried on Merchants.

Harrisburg merchants and business men have had something new in the way of bogus checks and check-passers tried out upon them within the past day or two. Incidentally banks and trust company officials are on the lookout for the experimenter. So far only one "check" has turned up.

The scheme is rather simple in itself and this is the way it was worked. A smooth-looking, well-dressed individual with the air of a man much in a hurry and a trifle peeved because of his failure to get to a bank in time to have a check cashed, offered the instrument to at least one Harrisburg merchant. It was "certified" with the stamp of the Union Trust Company of New York upon its face, but the certification stamp is a fake.

On the face of it the check looked good to the victim. The paper bore the stamps of several local banks, all of which presumably passed upon it after a glance at the certification stamp.

The check calls for $25. It is dated December 27, is drawn upon the Union Trust Company of New York, to the order of "C. Miller or bearer," and signed by "J. F. Williamson & Son." "C. Miller" endorsed it.

BELL BROS., OF OLEAN, N. Y.,

Have Inaugurated a Big Sale in Their Ready-to-Wear Department.

We hope this announcement will be read by everyone of our thousands of customers who have for past years taken advantage of our January Clearance of Coats, Suits, Gowns, Evening Dresses, etc., to pick up some fine values for little money and who have been waiting the announcement of this year's event.

Every suit has been divided into three lots. $20.00 to $25.00 suits will be sold at $9.00—$35.00 to $40.00 suits will be sold at choice $17.50—$45.00 to $60.00 suits will be sold at choice $28.00.

Special attention is called to the fact that about one-half of our suits stock is for large women, sizes ranging from 39 to 49, bust measure. Our coat stock is made up of an assortment of about 300 garments. We have graded them into three lots. Lot 1 are $10.00 and $12.00 coats and will be sold at choice $5.95—Lot 2 are Caraculas, Plushes and double faced materials. Values $20.00 to $25.00, will be sold at choice $14.95—Lot 3 are $27.50 to $35.00 values and will be sold at choice $23.50. All our handsome dresses will be sold at a saving of about 50 per cent. Neck pieces, muffs and fur coats will be sold at special clearance sale prices.

Our object in inaugurating this sale just now is the fact that we want to convert as much of our stock into money as possible before we close our inventory. Any of our customers that are interested should act at once—before sizes are broken.

BELL BROTHERS,

The leading Dry Goods, Carpet and Furniture House of Southwestern New York.

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, Buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand call on or address

E. W. JONES

I Wish All My Customers, Friends and Acquaintances.

A HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR

and extend my heartiest thank for past and future patronage.

This week we offer a

SPECIAL BARGAIN

in fine Gray

Flannel Shirts

with attached Collars

At 50c

'Tis worth coming a long way to s cure this bargain.

MONHEIMERS'

THE WORKING MAN'S STORE.

HOME JOURNAL PATTERNS. CLUETT SHIRTS

Fry & Comes

January Clearing Sale!

Winter's Best Bargain Opportunities.

January 12 to 20. Inclusive, 1912.

TERMS STRICTLY CASH.

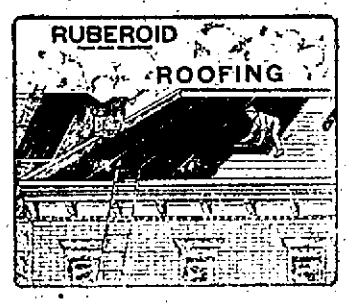
Not until another January arrives will you be able to effect such substantial savings in the purchase of new and reliable winter merchandise and every day needs.

Owing to the mild weather our stocks of winter goods are heavier than usual at this season, and in order to move out everything that savors of cold weather the price knife has been used ruthlessly. Many prices that were lower than the marks of most stores for similar qualities have been cut in half. Deep cuts you will find most noticeable in Suits, Coats and Furs, and the weather for which you need them most is practically all ahead. In other lines reductions range from 20 per cent. to half of the regular selling prices. To give you some idea of the importance of this great event from an economy standpoint, we will sell 50 Wooltex Tailored Garments, Suits, Coats and Skirts, at just HALF REGULAR PRICES. Men's 50c Fleeced Shirts and Drawers at 29c each. Fruit of the Loom Bleached Muslin at 7½c the yd. Lonsdale Cambric, regularly 12½c, at 10c the yd. All the Best Prints, light and dark colors, at 5c the yard, Coats' Spool Cotton 4c. 3c O. N. T. Darning Cotton 1½c spl. 50c Corsets 28c. $2.00 Corsets at 98c. Lancaster Apron Ginghams, the best made, at 6½c yd. White Lawn Waists at half price. 75 Cluett Coat Shirts for men at half price. 50 Monarch shirts for men at half price.

Fry & Comes, Smethport, Pa.

See full Page Advertisement in Last Week's Miner

WHY



are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready to lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in your feet.

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LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

COUGH SYRUP

Get a bottle for that cough of yours. We have it, and we have the best that can be obtained anywhere. Price per bottle 10c, 25c and 50c. We also carry a full line of drugs. Special attention given to perscriptions.

Perfumes We have just received a nice display of perfumes of the choicest fragrance, in fancy bottles or we can refill your old bottle at from 25c to $3.00 per oz.

WELLS DRUG STORE

FAMILY FAVORITE LAMP OIL

No flicker, no odor, no soot. Family Favorite is the ideal oil for home use. It costs little more than inferior tank-wagon oils and yet it is triple-refined from Pennsylvania Crude Oil—the best oil made. Get Family Favorite Oil from your dealer—he has it in original barrels direct from the refineries—and enjoy the full, white flame.

WAVERLY OIL WORKS CO., Independent Refiners Pittsburg, Pa.

Also makers of Waverly Special Auto Oil and Waverly Gasolines.

FREE 100 Page Book—tells all about oil.

Found the Handkerchief

By JEANNE O. LOIZEAUX

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The August day was enough to make Casper hot and cross. He was all that and more. He was lonely, and the man at the desk was grouchy. Casper wished he had remained on the farm, and married Lily Brat sweetheart like the other boys he had been brought up with. College was all right, but journalism, as seen from the reporter's viewpoint, was beginning to be too much for him. So many things hurt his heart and his sense of right and justice.

"Go out and dig me some news, Casper," called Jones from the desk. "This weather is hot enough to make somebody commit murder, and we want to be nosing around the spot when it happens. You've the nose for news. But don't get soft and let some girl's pretty eyes beg you off from playing her up in a story."

Casper started out. It was Saturday afternoon, and most of the stores were closed, and most of the offices.

"Only newspapers keep up the grind Saturday afternoons," he said to himself. "I feel like drowning myself in the lake. The News would have a story then—only I'd have to rescue a girl from a watery grave and all the rest. Wish I knew any nice girl well enough to want to rescue her. Wish I could see a girl from home—wish I knew where Ruth is!" Going down the street he met a little mouse of a girl that made him think of her.

Entering the first drug store he called for root beer and asked the clerk what was "doing." His thoughts were on the girl he had lost track of. Suddenly she had stopped her simple little letters while he was at college, and on his graduation he came home and found that she had left town. The old aunt she had lived with had died, and the girl had taken the few hundreds that had been left her and had gone to the city. No one knew where she was going nor what she was going to do. She had been always a strange, silent, wide-eyed little thing, and she had come an orphan into the town. She never seemed to fit there, nor to make friends except with Jerry Casper. He had written school love notes to her, and taken her to ice cream socialables, and walking Sunday afternoons. Once he took her to "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in the opera house over Swilkins' grocery and hardware emporium, but she cried over little Eva so that he had to take her home before it was finished.

The boy, for he was hardly 24, remembered how her gray, soft eyes would widen if anyone was unhappy. And she was so little and good. He wished he could find her, and wondered whether she were married. She was not the girl to take care of herself. Then he turned down a street where it was less noisy, a street where there were many offices of physicians, and obscure lawyers, the less prosperous business men. Where should he look for a story?

It occurred to him of Dr. Faltner. Faltner was a quack. He had no conscience. He dealt with the murderers of the city. Once he had given Casper a story. Casper hated Faltner, but he slowly walked towards his place.

The boy stumbled a little, and in saving himself over a fall looked up and saw in the entrance a handkerchief fall and flutter from a third story window to his feet. He picked it up. It was soft and clean, but twisted. It had an F in the corner. He laughed a little. Then a love of romance, or, for a story, made him sauntered over into the stairway. He would say he dropped that handkerchief. Of course it had fallen out by mistake. But perhaps F would be in luck to find a story behind it or connected with it.

There was no elevator, and the hall was respectably hot and dark. Whoever owned the little twisted rag had a bad place to stay in, for second rate people all through the building. The second flight made him pant a little, but he found the upper hall cleaner and a little more respectable.

He listened several times before he found the window he wanted overlooking the street, then he came to an open door, and went into an office, but he saw no one. The inner door was closed, but he heard a cry within, and hoped the doctor was not hurting a child more than he could help—it was a little child, and he caught the words clearly, but in a girl's voice.

"Go away or I shall surely call some one! You shall not!"

Without an instant's pause, Casper strode to the door, jerked it open and entered. A gross-looking tall young man, carefully dressed, was holding the most slender girl, who was pulling away from him, her back towards Casper. Casper waited a moment. The girl's hair was soft and dark and knotted plainly at the back of her small head. She wore a blue gingham dress, and looked very neat.

"Can I help you?" His clear voice made the girl turn her head, and the man let her go. Casper, for one dazed minute, forgot the fellow, because Ruth's gray eyes looked tearfully up to him. It was Ruth, though for the moment he could not believe his eyes.

"Ruth Cady! What are you doing here?" His voice was stern, but she came to him readily, holding on to his arm with both hands. He pulled away from her, and went towards the man.

"What do you mean?" and his voice was terrible. Then he remembered the girl, and the newspapers, panting for a story, and that walls have ears. He would get her away first. Then he would find the man and settle with him. There must be no fight now. He took him by the back of the neck and shoved him out of the inner office.

"Get out of here, or I'll have the police in two minutes! I know what you're here for, and I don't care." He emphasized his words by another shove and the man, blustering a little, went away.

"The doctor is on his vacation, and I had to keep the office," said Ruth. "That man came in about a bill—and—and—he annoyed me. You saw, I can't—bear it here, but I can't leave till the doctor comes back."

For a moment the young fellow, his heart in his throat, found no word to say. He was holding the girl's little warm, trembling hand.

"Ruth," he said, "I can't wait here for you to tell me what on earth got you into a place like this. I've been hunting everywhere for you. Is this yours? It dropped out of the window, and I came up here. I found you by the merest chance; it makes me shudder to think I might have gone by. Have you forgotten me? Do you still—care about me as you did in high school? Do you?

She had pulled away from him, and was again twisting the handkerchief with the little shy motion she had used in school when he talked with her. She never said much. "Why didn't you let me know?"

"You were in college, and I felt ignorant—I didn't know anything. I wanted to learn to be something by myself. I spent all my money in business college—all but about three dollars, and this was the only place I could get in summer. You know you can't get work in the summer if you are not experienced."

"When are you—Ruth, are you going to marry me?"

She shook her head stubbornly, looking at him in the old child way.

"You—are—just—sorry—for—me—and I want you to—to—"

"I'm sorry for myself—I'm fairly dying of loneliness—of wanting somebody to love and—and wanting you to love! You surely don't know anything if you don't know that, silly girl!"

"Well—if you—feel like that about it," she said slowly.

He stooped and kissed her once very gently. Then he walked over to a nail and took down her hat.

"Put it on," he said. "You don't stay here another minute. 'Phone to somebody—the doctor's people, anyone, to look after his disreputable old hole." He waited for her to obey. Then as she finished and was with him in the hall, something of her old self appeared, and it made Jerry Casper laugh with gladness.

"The—obeying seems to be coming—first," she said."

PAPER MADE FROM RAGS

It Is Unlikely That Newspapers of Today Will Survive for the Future Collector.

The scientific historian of the next century combing the annals of our own times, will be confronted with an insurmountable obstacle. He will naturally wish to come in imaginative touch with our daily life, to see us as we are at work and play, to watch us on the streets, in the shops, the factories, the theaters, the churches, the court house, at the polls. We bequeath him but our intimate and comprehensive view of ourselves—to be found in the perishable isles of our daily press. Looking the hedges he may find it, but, if not as much dust, then as utterly illegible print on crackling yellow paper.

The Bible which sold for $50,000 the other day may still be read; it is quite unlikely that one of our own date of built its age will survive for the future collector. This is because in the manufacture of paper the lowly rag has been superseded by wood pulp.

It would be idle to expect the newspapers of today, from sheer sympathy with the needs of succeeding generations, to run off a special edition printed on durable paper; but it was proposed in all seriousness some 20 years ago that this be done. A more feasible plan for the preservation of the daily record of events would be the storage of files in some sunlight vault say in the congressional library at Washington.

There is much talk just now of the discovery of a new source of supply for print paper in the tropics. This is the bamboo, and it is claimed that its pulp will probably compensate in full for that of the vanishing spruce. But it is all one, so far as longevity of fiber is concerned. No wood pulp can take the place of flax.

It is an ironical paradox on our luxurious times that we are needy because of a lack of rags.

Philosophical Youngster.

The two little girls—six years old or so—were playing housekeeping all along the garden wall. On some principle that no grownup could realize one section of it was the kitchen, another the dining room, another the sitting room, and so on. One small maid was the mistress of the house and the other was the servant girl.

Then the big man came strolling along with a book in his hand and, all unconscious, perched himself on the softest stone in the middle of that wall.

"Oh, look how he comes and spoils our play," wailed one of the twain.

"No, indeed," replied Audrey, with a happy inspiration. "He's my husband and he's reading in his den, and he's not to be disturbed, so we needn't notice him."

And so the game went on.

Helen Tracy's Love Affair

By MOLLY McMASTER

Helen Tracy had become an usher at the theater in which Wallace Drew was playing because she was, like many other women, in love with the actor.

It was scarcely probable that the noted actor had even noticed her on the few occasions when she had entered his dressing room with a note or message from the fair sex.

Nevertheless, Helen continued to gaze with adoring eyes at the matinee idol during the long run of a successful play. From the lines of her hero to the half-line of the under servant Helen knew the play. So many times had she witnessed the performance that she could have gone straight through the play without a break in the lines.

Only occasionally did she grieve over the loss of money which had been the cause of her having to leave the dramatic school at which she had studied; only occasionally she longed for the wild applause of the audience. For the most part she was content to see the play from the less nerve-racking side of the footlights.

Upon the last night of the run, Helen went down to the theater in a very dejected state of mind. The play was being taken out on the road and there was no capacity in which Helen felt that she could follow. She had thought of asking for a small part when at the last minute a vacancy appeared but her better judgment told her that she would soon grow tired of the one-night stands.

She entered the theater with a heart-breaking picture of New York minus Wallace Drew, minus his picture on all billboards and minus his very name.

Helen found the company in a wild state of excitement. The leading lady could not appear and her understudy had eloped that very day. There were few women in the cast and none of them in any way equal to stepping into the part.

"I will play Lady Everly, tonight," Helen Tracy said. "I am word-perfect in the part, at least," she added by way of encouragement.

The magnetism which had long been hiden beneath a demure reserve in the little usher suddenly made itself felt. Something in the calm of her eyes sent its message to the manager. He breathed a sigh of relief; it was the last night, anyway, and the girl at least had beauty and grace in her favor.

All of the company save Wallace Drew felt that rescue had come in the form of Helen Tracy. He alone was morbidly sensitive. He was a great actor and therefore fearsome of his own work when playing opposite an amateur.

"Have you played at all?" he asked. "I have studied—a little," Helen answered, meeting his eyes calmly. She was a trifle angered that the man she loved should be the one to dampen her courage.

His gloom deepened when he discovered that there was no time to rehearse one scene. The theater was even then being opened.

Helen Tracy flew to the star's dressing room and put herself into the hands of the star's maid and into the star's gown for the first act. Luckily, the gowns fitted.

Flushed with excitement and with eyes grown wide and brilliant Helen gazed at her reflection in the star's mirror.

She realized that she was beautiful in a way far more compelling than the woman whose clothes she wore. She smiled at the maid who had dressed her and found encouragement in the admiration in the woman's eyes.

"I admire your pluck," said the woman, "and even if you can't act—you're a joy to look at." She turned aside to pick up Helen's plain gray suit. "I don't know where you've been keeping your good looks all this time," she remarked frankly.

Helen laughed and pointed to the suit. "In those," she said.

Helen stood in the wings awaiting her cue. Her nerves were strangely steady. The thing had come upon her so suddenly that the tremor of anticipation had fortunately not been hers.

Her heart thumped for a moment when she first spoke in the words of Lady Everly and met Wallace Drew's eyes on the artificial side of the footlights, but she soon found her strength.

As the play proceeded Helen Tracy watched the light grow in the actor's eyes. She was compelling admiration in the eyes she loved just as she was drawing her audience with her.

Unconsciously, a shade more of fervor crept into Wallace Drew's acting; Helen Tracy responded and the long pent-up love which she had held in her heart so long burst forth and made of Lady Everly a part which stood out vividly.

Helen Tracy was not a great actress but she had given her audience a natural and wholly charming Lady Everly; her magnetism had at last made itself felt and she could not longer pass under a glance unnoticed.

When Wallace Drew in the part of Lord Everly took her into his arms at the close of the play she was strangely impassive; she even shrank from holding the position until the curtain had descended—a position she had long envied the leading woman.

Wallace Drew her nearer when the curtain hid them from view and for a moment looked down into her eyes with curious intensity. He suddenly released her and went slowly into the wings.

Helen ran breathlessly to her dressing room where many of the company had gathered to congratulate her. She accepted their enthusiasm quietly. Her one desire was to get away by herself where she could calm her nerves.

Now that the experience had been gone through she wanted only to rest; she was so weary that she could scarcely remember how she got home.

Helen slept until ten o'clock the next day. Her mail brought a generous check from the manager and the offer of a good leading part.

Helen smiled. Not for a check three times the amount of the one in hand would she become a slave to the footlights.

"No one night stands for me," Helen reflected as she plunged into her cold bath which seemed in a measure to wash away the grease paints and artificiality of the stage.

Still, she could not remain as an usher in the theater which knew Wallace Drew no longer. The powers which had been awakened within her now arose to flaunt themselves in her life. In desperation she sought an outlet and found one in short-story writing.

It was a year or two later that she met Wallace Drew at a studio tea at which she was the guest of honor. Her first magazine story had been accepted and her literary friends were celebrating her good fortune.

When Wallace and Helen had been introduced the actor held her hand in a tight clasp with the same curiously intense gaze with which he had studied her once before.

"I have looked the country over for you," he said with characteristic frankness. "I am afraid you have not carried out the career which we all supposed ahead of you."

"I have not tried," Helen said.

"You would have been successful—and—"

"I would rather be successful—at home," she answered with a peculiar little smile.

"Home bird," he remarked rather than questioned.

A soft color crept into Helen's cheeks but she remained silent. Wallace watched the color come and go as if it meant much to his eyes.

"Do you know, Helen Tracy," he said suddenly, "that I have loved you since the night you helped us out? I knew it when you were in my arms at the end of the scene." His voice was a trifle unsteady for an actor.

"You left me alone," Helen said.

"It stunned me just a little at first," Drew said, "and then, dear—I wanted a home bird."

"Do you mind if the home bird writes stories when you are away?" asked Helen with shining eyes.

"No dear—because I will have you in a wonderful cage and your wings will be clipped." He turned swiftly nearer her. "We will have to go behind some kind of wings now—I can't make love when I really love—before an audience. Come."

RASCAL WAS WELL SERVED

Quaker's Little Lesson in Honesty by Which Schemer Might Have Learned a Lesson.

An amusing tale of a farmer who found out to his sorrow that honesty is the best policy comes from Thomas DeVoe's "Market Book." It happened in 1820 in a New York market, where a weigh-master had been appointed by the agricultural society to see that the public was honestly served.

One morning a respectable-looking and wealthy farmer, who was generally known to cheat whenever he had a chance, brought his butter to Fly Market done up in pound rolls. This was when butter was scarce and was worth two shillings ninepence a pound, and it had a quick sale, which no doubt induced him to scant the weight in each roll.

This morning the weigh-master appeared unexpectedly, and saw the farmer's butter open for sale. He prepared his test scale to weigh it. While he was doing so the farmer slipped a guinea—a five dollar gold piece—out of his pocket, and while the weigh-master's back was turned thrust it into the top roll, as he thought unperceived by any one, to make up the required weight. The roll was taken up, and weighed full weight, which satisfied the weigh-master, who did not weigh another.

While he was putting up his scale, a Quaker gentleman, who had been standing off a little distance and had seen the whole transaction, came up and inquired the price of the butter.

"Three shillings," said the farmer.

"Put me up that roll," said the Quaker, pointing to the guinea roll.

To this the farmer replied: "I have sold that roll to a friend."

"No, thee has not," responded the Quaker. "Thee can give thy friend another roll, if they are all good, and weigh alike," and he turned to the weigh-master for support.

"You are entitled to the roll, or any roll you choose to take, if they were priced to you," said the weigh-master.

With this the Quaker took up the guinea roll and placed it in his basket, then laid down three shillings. As he was going he turned back to say to the farmer, "Thee will not find cheating always profitable."—Youth's Companion.

Way It Goes.

"What goes in one town doesn't go in another."

"How, now?"

"Some places are advertising themselves as flyless cities; others are bustling for aviation meets."

The Tesla Turbine.

Engineers and men of science throughout the world are awaiting with unusual interest the completion of tests of a new steam turbine designed by Nikola Tesla, which preliminary experiments indicate will give enormous power from a comparatively small and extremely light-weight engine. Ten horsepower to a pound of weight has already been developed with the engines that have been tested, and enthusiasts who have witnessed the work of the turbine declare that the perfect motor has at last been found. To what extent this is true, time and the construction of larger units than have yet been used must prove. At present, while the practical experimental stage has not yet been passed, the entire engineering world is profoundly interested in the work that has been done, and awaits future development with much concern.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Destroyed Still to Save Father.

Miss Mabel Mason of Moore county, N. C., completely destroyed the distillery owned by her father while all the employes at the still were attending the county fair. The father had long been engaged in the business of moonshining, and his daughter had pleaded with him to abandon his illegal work, but he did not listen to her pleadings. The daughter was in constant fear of the disgrace that would come to the family if her father were haled into court. She encouraged a plan for the entire party at the distillery to attend the fair, and while her own people were also away from home she secured an axe and literally cut the entire equipment for making whisky to pieces. When the father returned he was told that his plant was destroyed by revenue officers.

Blow Made a Knight.

The concluding sign of being "dubbed," or adopted, into the order of knighthood was a slight blow given by the lord to the cavalier and called the accolade, from the part of the body, the neck, whereon it was struck. . . . Many writers have imagined that the accolade was the last blow which the soldier might receive with impunity; but this interpretation is not correct, for the squire was as jealous of his honor as the knight. The origin of the accolade it is impossible to trace, but it was clearly considered symbolic of the religious and moral duties of knighthood, and was the only ceremony used when knights were made in places (the battlefield, for instance) where time and circumstances did not allow of many ceremonies.—Mills' History of Chivalry.

She-boy-gan.

As an obvious test of the ingenuity of the postoffice officials, some wit recently mailed a letter bearing a "test" address, which was thrown by some railroad postal clerk in the Milwaukee bag. The envelope bore a well drawn map of the state of Wisconsin, with a clearly defined dot near the middle of the eastern border. Within the outline appeared the faces of a girl and a boy, followed by the word "an." For a time the postoffice clerks were unable to solve the puzzle. After considerable study, however, the address was deciphered as "Sheboygan," where it was forwarded and eventually reached the person for whom it was intended.

Sent Girls Shaving Soap.

"It has been my observation," said the pretty girl, "that the greatest difficulty a girl experiences at a co-educational college is disposing of the quantities of shaving soap sent her by manufacturers who copied the names of the entire student body from lists where boys and girls alike are registered by their initials, and distributed his samples of soap impartially with the request that the recipient write a testimonial to the effect that it is the best shaving soap she ever used."

His Trump Card.

"The half has never been told me," said the queen of Sheba to Solomon. Whereat Solomon was greatly pleased, for he realized that the visitor was truly impressed by the many wonders of his kingdom. "But," he smiled afterward, "even if she had not been completely surprised I had one trick up my sleeve. I was going to inaugurate some Monday bargain sales in the bazars if necessary. Happily, we may allow them to wait until some future ago."—Woman's World.

So "Clevah!"

Intrepid Widow—Speaking of conundrums, Mr. Slocum, here's a good one: Why is the letter "d" like a wedding ring? Procrastinating Bachelor—Oh, I'm no good at conundrums. Intrepid Widow—You give it up? Why, because "we" can't be "wed" without it.—Tit-Bits.

Behind Time.

"What is the matter with this railway?" asked one irate passenger. "This train is three or four hours overdue." "Think of me," said the stockholder, "and have patience. Its dividends are three or four years overdue."

A Husband's Rights.

According to a Missouri court, a husband has a perfect right to spank his wife. Sure, and he has a perfect right to pull a lion's whiskers if he feels like it.—Los Angeles Examiner.

Good Groceries

We hold our Customers by giving them the best goods at the lowest possible prices.

WE HAVE

everything in the line of Groceries that a careful housewife needs to satisfy the demands of the table. Our

TEAS AND COFFEES

retain their flavor, and the increasing sales of the articles indicate that our patrons appreciate good articles for little money.

Oscar Engstrom

—Dealer in—
GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

Call at my Store and look over my stock of

HARNESSES,
ROBES,
BLANKETS,
TRUNKS,
TRAVELING BAGS, etc.

The best goods at reasonable prices.

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DRUGS, MEDICINES, RUBBER GOODS, TOILET ARTICLES, STATIONERY, PERFUMES, PLAYING CARDS SCORE CARDS, and FINE CANDY
AT LOWEST PRICES

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FISH

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The Twenty Payment Life policy, deposits payable for twenty years only, insurance payable at death. We also issue ten, fifteen, twenty fly and thirty payment life policies.
Age 21—$20.84 per thousand.
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The Equitable Life Assurance Society
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The cure that has been continuously successful for more than 32 years is worth investigating. For the drug or drink habit. Write for particulars. Our Keeley Institute in Western Pennsylvania, 4216 Fifth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

I Have Just Unpacked

a complete line of

STAND LAMPS

One of them will make a desirable Christmas present for any home.

The prices are right see the window.

E. W. STRONG

Five Per Cent Commission

By LAWRENCE ALFRED CLAY

(Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press.)

Miss Maggie Raines and her mother sat facing each other and having never a word. They had talked for an hour. They had talked all there was to talk. They had tears in their eyes as they talked.

For a year past Maggie had had a steady place as a stenographer at $12 per week, and she had done wonders with her salary; rent, fuel, provisions, clothing and car fare, and they did not owe a dollar. The average working girl is twice the financier that the average working man is.

Things had gone very well with the little family, but now trouble had come. Maggie had lost her place at a day's notice. She wasn't despairing, but discouraged. She knew all about answering advertisements and tramping from office to office. It might be weeks before she was settled again, and what of the income?

Down at the corner where the girl had taken the car every morning and left it every evening, was a real estate office. The proprietor was a middle-aged man, and he looked to be a good man. That is, he seemed to Maggie to have an honest face, and she thought there might be sympathy there for one in trouble. She didn't want charity, and she didn't want pity. She wanted a chance to help herself, just as it would be given to a young man.

"Well?" queried the mother after a long silence.

"I was wondering if I was as smart as most other girls," was the reply. "One of our stenographers quit her place two months ago and went to selling real estate on commission. She has made a hundred dollars a week."

"Just think of that, Maggie!"

"I am thinking of it. In the morning I am going down to have a talk with the real estate man on the corner. If I can make $25 a week it will be a great thing."

"But how does any one sell real estate, dear?"

"I don't exactly know, but I guess most of it is done by talk. You make a person think he wants to buy, and then keep at him until he does buy."

"Well, you have a coaxing way about you. You got the landlord to come down five dollars a month on the rent, and the grocer will sell you a pound of prunes a cent cheaper than he will me."

Next morning Maggie Raines visited the real estate office. Mr. Stryker had just opened his mail and seemed perturbed, but he gave her his attention. In an embarrassed way, and yet with underlying confidence, she said she believed she could sell real estate and she wanted a chance to try. Mr. Stryker didn't smile doubtfully nor sarcastically. He had been trying to sell real estate for a good many years, and had had poor luck at it, but he didn't even ask himself how a young stenographer who didn't know the value of a load of sand was going to make a success at it. He gave a minute or two to thought and then replied:

"I will give you a chance, and a splendid one. I own 50 acres of timber land at Walnut Point, on Lake Huron. I have about closed a deal with a party in Buffalo. In fact, the deed is made off, and if handed to him the money would be passed."

"And are you going there to close the deal?" Miss Maggie asked.

"I was, but my wife has been taken seriously ill and I cannot leave her. I can give you power of attorney and send you, if you can go this evening and close the affair tomorrow. I will pay your expenses and give you five per cent. commission. You will net $250 for three days' work."

"Oh, Mr. Stryker, but that's too much—altogether too much," exclaimed the astonished girl. "I'll be glad to go for $50."

"Your commission will be the sum I have named. You will take along the deeds and a letter from me. You will, of course, say that you are connected with this office. You can say that other parties are after the land. If asked about my standing you can say it is of the highest. You can say that on a part of the land is a quarry of purest granite that when developed will be worth twenty times my asking price for the land. I have been told that the walnut trees alone on the land are worth half the price, and you can mention that incidentally. You must talk, Miss Raines—you must talk."

"I certainly will."

"And bring back a certified check for the amount. Make the party understand that he is getting the bargain of his life, and that I am selling more to accommodate him than for any other reason. John D. Rockefeller would snap up Walnut Point in a minute at the price asked, but I have refused to deal with him. You may have seen him here at the door of the office the other day. You had best be ready to take the four o'clock train."

There was rejoicing in the house of Raines. The sale was sure to go through and that $250 would solve many problems. It would be a starter for other sales, and after a bit Miss Maggie might be riding around in her own auto to hunt up customers. She rode all night, but she didn't sleep a wink. Over and over—a hundred times over—she repeated her lesson, and after her arrival and breakfast in Buffalo she reported at the office of Mr. George McLane with the utmost confidence. She hadn't been told whether he was old or young, but she had imagined white hair and chin whiskers and a benign countenance.

She was therefore surprised to be ushered into an office where sat a young man of less than twenty-five, who had half a dozen letters from the morning mail before him. No chin whiskers—no benign! A very keen, good-looking young man she called him, and she suddenly found that she had temporarily forgotten even her own name. He opened two more letters to give her a chance to get her memory back, and then she began on her first real estate sale. Yes, Mr. McLane had had some correspondence with Mr. Stryker about Walnut Point. Yes, he had about decided to close the deal. Yes, he had heard something about that granite, and something about Mr. Rockefeller. Yes, it was very kind of Mr. Stryker to offer him such a bargain.

Miss Maggie Raines was exultant. That five per cent. commission was as good as in her purse. She was an unqualified success as a real estate seller. And then Mr. McLane showed her a letter from the west three days old. A part of it read:

"The big storm caused the lake to cut through the Point and make a channel 200 feet wide. The gale did not leave fifty trees standing on the whole tract. I know that the old shark Stryker has been written to, and you look out that he don't stick you!"

Miss Maggie laid down the letter and then covered her face with her hands and wept.

"Of course, you didn't know," said the young man kindly.

"Will you—you believe I didn't?" she asked.

"I am sure you didn't. Stryker was trying to use you to swindle me. He was afraid to come himself. That's all fudge about a sick wife."

"And I—I am an idiot!" she said as her tears came again.

"Oh, no, no, no! It was five per cent. commission, you see. I shall be up your way in a day or two, and may I call and talk it over with you?"

"But what is there to talk about? Stryker is a villain and I'm—I'm—"

But yet when Mr. McLane called they found lots to talk about, and mother and daughter were glad that he came. Miss Maggie dropped real estate and took up stenography again, and Mr. McLane—. Well, when a young man will make a railroad journey of 40 miles every two weeks in order to spend four hours in the company of a young lady, it is to be concluded that there is something doing, and that Buffalo's next census will show at least another happy home.

BRAIN POWER OF ANIMALS

Dogs and Elephants Possess Greatest Amount of Intelligence, the Latter Leading.

Authorities differ as to whether the dog is more sagacious than the elephant, but Capt. Maximilian Gruber, who has for years devoted himself to the training of animals is inclined to the belief that the elephant at least knows what he wants and how he may get it. An elephant, says the Detroit Free Press, lives for 100 and sometimes for as long a period as 200 years. Each year he seems to add to his store of knowledge, and, if a pachyderm is taken in hand early enough, he may be taught to do tricks that so clumsily appearing an animal would seem incapable of performing.

Gruber, in fact, was so convinced that he could make an elephant surpass the usual tricks of the circus animal of this sort that he passed some years in training one of the finest specimens of the species with a Shetland pony and a horse as the assistants in an act for vaudeville, and the aptitude of the equines was at no time greater than was that of the elephant. In traveling from city to city Gruber endeavors to have his little group of entertainers carefully housed in a box car and to have them properly fed and always well supplied with water.

In Connecticut recently the car in which were the animals was sidetracked for several hours, and the supply of water in the car became exhausted. The car had a lock that could be manipulated from the inside, and so Mister Elephant, feeling himself neglected, unfastened the door, shoved it back with his proboscis, and without more ado strolled out upon the freight platform until he discovered a faucet at one end of the shed.

A quick motion of the trunk and the water was turned on, and as it flowed the intelligent animal thrust his trunk into the stream and imbibed copiously. When the attendant who was responsible for the care of the animal came upon the scene soon afterward the elephant showed as plainly as possible his displeasure with the man, for his portion was a sprinkling of water from the well-filled trunk.

Europe's First Parrot.

So far as known, the first introduction of parrots into Europe occurred in the fourth century B. C., when, it is related, one of the generals of Alexander's army, returning from India, brought with him specimens of the ring-necked parrakeet. These parrakeets, which were called "Alexandrian parrakeets," after the monarchs in whose reign they were introduced, are still very popular with bird-fanciers, and are so common in India that sailors continually bring them to Europe and America. They are docile, and while slow in acquiring speech, finally make excellent talkers. Roman writers [illegible] were not eaten in Italy [illegible] sacred because of their ability to reproduce human speech.

TRUE ART OF ADVERTISING

Man in Burglar's Mask Was Only Introducing Patent Safety Alarm and Preventer.

As I opened the door I saw a man with a burglar's mask kneeling before the safe. The next moment he had turned and shoved a revolver into my face.

"Throw up yours hands!" he said.

I did so.

"You understand," he remarked pleasantly, "that I can in the present circumstances loot the premises at my pleasure?"

I confessed that he could.

"You realize that you are at my mercy?"

"I do," I replied.

"You acknowledge that I can blow you to kingdom come if I like?" he persisted.

"Certainly," I admitted.

"Well, then," he said, "you will be interested to know that I got in without difficulty through your parlor window. Had it been equipped with Smith's patent safety burglar alarm and preventer this could not have happened. Installed, complete with batteries, for $25. Allow me to hand you a circular. Good night, sir."

Then, pocketing his revolver, he withdrew.

WHY THE PRICE WAS HIGH

Sir Joshua Reynolds' Notice of Sketch Made It Worth Vastly More, Said Dealer.

"What do you ask for this sketch?" said Sir Joshua Reynolds to a picture dealer whose portfolio he was examining. "Twenty guineas, Sir Joshua." "Twenty pence, I suppose you mean." "No, sir; I would have taken twenty pence for it this morning, but if you think the drawing worth looking at all the world will think it worth buying."

A London dealer who had made a few trifling purchases at a second-hand furniture shop in the country was leaving it, when he caught his foot in the string of a picture and fell. Having picked himself up, he examined the picture to see if it had been damaged. It had escaped injury, and he found, to his surprise, that in thus tripping he had—literally—stumbled upon a print of the duchess of Rutland, after Reynolds, by Valentine Green, in its first state. The dealer bought the print for £4 and afterward disposed of it for £1,000.—From Jernigham's "Bargain Book."

Wise Servant.

A woman in Trenton, N. J., who has been having a lot of trouble with her domestic help, was obliged recently to accept the temporary service of a raw recruit in the shape of an Irish girl just landed in this country.

After a preliminary survey of the girl and a dejected sigh, the lady of the house asked:

"What can you do?"

"Shure, I-ost anything at all, mum," responded the newcomer.

The lady of the house glanced about the room. There was everything to be done. "Could you fill the lamps?" she finally ventured to ask.

"Shure, I kin fill the lamps!" exclaimed the enthusiastic Celt, as she grabbed one and started out. Then, with the air of one wishing above all things to suit the possible caprices of a new employer, she paused to query: "An' is it gas or oil ye'd be wantin' thim filled with?"

Judge's Severe Comment.

Sir Matthew Begbie, chief justice of British Columbia, once had before him a man charged with having killed another man with a sand-bag. The evidence was conclusive, and the judge charged the jury accordingly, but a verdict of "Not Guilty" was promptly brought in. The judge was astonished. "Gentlemen of the jury," he said, "this is your verdict, not mine. On your conscience the disgrace will rest. Many repetitions of such conduct as yours will make trial by jury a horrible farce, and the city of Victoria a nest of crime. Go! I have nothing more to say to you." And then, turning to the prisoner: "You are discharged. Go and sandbag some of those jurymen; they deserve it."

Brother Dickey Explains.

"I got no sarmont ter preach today," said Brother Dickey. "The last time I put my presence in dis yer yer pulpit I preached a sarmont what wuz so powerful hit sont six sisters off in a trance, an' dey ain't come to not yit, causin' de law ter git after me, kaze dey ain't conscious enough ter rise up an' make a livin' fer dey husbands. Tongues er fire come down on me at dat time f'um de glory-lan', an' now some er you is uncharitable enough ter say dat de fire orter scorched me ter a frazzle! Dis is no time fer a powerful preacher lak' me!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Barred From House of Commons.

An Irish peer was expelled for directing a lottery, while for organizing a "Charitable Association" of shady habits Sir Robert Sutton and two others were shut out in 1730. Steele of the Tatler was prohibited the house for "maliciously insinuating that the Protestant succession in the house of Hanover is in danger under her majesty's administration." But perhaps the oddest reason for closing the doors of the house of commons upon a man is to be found in the case of Mr. Asgill, whose sin was that of writing a pamphlet "On the Possibility of Avoiding Death."—London Chronicle.

Don't Forget to Exercise.

No man of affairs, however important or overdriven, can ever be too busy to take time for exercise, unless he wishes to apply for his long vacation a decade or two earlier than is necessary. The place where the mummy of the Egyptians should be carried round at regular intervals, with a reminder that he has been dead for ten thousand years, is not at feasts, but in our business offices, workshops, counting houses and studios. There is where men are really killing themselves, instead of in their sports, their luxuries, or even in their vices. Commercially, slave-driving your body and brain may sometimes be a necessity, but the unbiased biologist of the twentieth century is beginning to suspect that the praises of industry, like those of a sacrifice, are sung most loudly and insistently by those in church or state who hope to profit by it—in others!—Woods Hutchinson in "Exercise and Health."

His Brief Pedigree.

He was a gentler specimen of his class than you usually meet. When he made his request for something to eat at the kitchen door, he was asked by the good-natured cook to come in by the fire. As he sat there, the San Francisco Star says, she said: "You don't look as if you had always been a tramp." "I haven't," he replied, without offense. "I came from a very good family." She let him eat on without interruption, but after he had finished, she said: "You say you came from a good family. May I ask the name?" "It was Blankleigh," he responded. "Why," she said, in surprise, "that's the name of the man who lives next door to us!" "Yes," he replied, "I noticed it on the door-plate. That's where I came from. He threw me down his steps just before I called here."

Journalist as a Prize.

American journalism accepts with a smile the soft accusation that it leads the world in eccentricity. But, according to the Anglo-Russian, a newspaper in Odessa is now running a lottery that rather outdoes anything we have done. The lottery itself is a routine coupon business, but "the prize is to be a member of the editorial staff, who is to marry the winner, whether she be millionairess or kitchenmaid." In addition, the editor promises to double the salary of the bridegroom, give him a three years' contract and present the bride with 500 rubles. The incident is illuminating both as to the enterprise of Russian journalism and the value which Russians place upon journalists—high or low, we can't quite make out.—Chicago Evening Post.

Not Impressed.

A certain gentleman who had acquired riches rather quickly, purchased an estate on the banks of the River Clyde, which adjoins those of Lord Blantyre and Sir Charles Bine-Renshaw. Strolling through his place one day he chanced to go too far and was accosted by a burly Scotch gamekeeper who, in language more forcible than polite, ordered him off the grounds. Remonstrance only produced more "langwidge" from the burly one. "Sir," said the pompous one, "do you know who I am? I am the Faulds of Ardkerdiff!" "I don't care if you are the Falls of Niagara," said the gatekeeper, "ye're goon out o' this."—London Opinion.

Needed Another Body.

You want to see the sights of the world, and sight-seeing is rather a bore. Not so much in the matter of clothes as the matter of body. There is always the question of clothes, for you must organize your wardrobe when you come from east to west or the other way, and make the change according to climate. That is easy enough. But when you get out of the ordinary routine you want something more, as Mrs. Beecher Stowe found when she came to Europe. She was puzzled by the need, not of clothes, but of bodies. She had enough clothes. But not enough bodies.—London Chronicle.

American Sunshine.

Until a man has made the experiment it is impossible to believe how vivid and how severe on British eyes is the glare of the American sun, and also how impossible it is, no matter how strong British prejudice may be in that regard, to play golf in the coat which all the traditions of Scotland prescribe as decent. Very soon the Briton golfing in America will have cast from him that worse than superfluous garment, and will be going with light heart and raiment—so-called "in shirt sleeves"—like the American himself.—London Telegraph.

No Good.

"I don't believe in forcing schools for children," said Woodrow Wilson at a dinner in Trenton. "A child that knows at four as much as ordinarily it would know at eight is, to my mind, about as useful an object as Calhoun Clay's watch. 'That's a fine watch you've got there, Calhoun,' said a friend. 'Is it a good goer?' A good goer?' said Calhoun Clay. 'Well, you bet your life it's a good goer. Why, it can do an hour in half the time!'"

Change of Name.

Rev. Mr. Hollers—Mistah Johnsing, what foh you call dat son of yoh's Isaak Walton, when he was baptized George Washington? Mr. Johnson—Because, sah, dat rascal's reputashun for veracity made dat change imper'tive.—Christian Register.

State.

Governor—John K. Tener.
State Treasurer—John O. Sheatz.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Secty of Internal Affairs—Henry [illegible]

District and County.

President Judge—Joseph W. Swift, Smethport.
Member of Congress—Charles M. Patton, Curwinsville.
State Senator—Frank E. Baldwin, Austin.
Members of Assembly—E. W. Hilton, Smethport; H. E. Benson, Mt. Jewett.
Sheriff—Wm. H. Morrison, Smethport.
Prothonotary—E. F. Stanley, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Chosta, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—Frank E. Foster, Smethport.
County Treasurer—F. P. Isherwood, Bradford.
Commissioners—A. M. Marsh, Bradford Twp.; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; John P. Devlin, Bradford.
Commissioners' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—H. H. Adsit, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—A. A. Abbey, Smethport; A. B. Anders, Clermont; A. R. Cory, Coryville.
Coroner—E. R. Sherman, Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Hardesty S. Hayle.
District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo, Smethport.

Borough.

Burgess—S. H. Cleveland.
Council—E. E. Heath, President; F. B. Silver, Secretary; J. W. Wells, E. W. Worthley, O. H. Deming, F. L. Sherburne, J. C. Backus, H. H. Sease.
Justices—E. C. Gleason, A. W. Colegrove.
Constable—U. H. Foote.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; F. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, treasurer; John B. Eastman, H. H. Radfield, John Clark.
Collector—E. C. Gleason.
Assessor—G. M. Hyde.
Auditors—J. A. Swanson, C. B. Corwin, W. R. Stark.
Judge of Election—H. S. Babbitt.
Inspector of Election—E. T. Daly, E. M. McClure.

LODGE DIRECTORY.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge No. 399, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 8:15 o'clock p. m., in Masonic Hall, Main street. EDGAR W. STRONG, W. M. W. I. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 344, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings. MARTIN CARLSON, N. G. W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 227[illegible], meets the first and third Wednesday each month in I. O. O. F. Hall. J. C. CUNNINGHAM, Chief Patriarch. J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 45, meets in I.O.O.F. Hall Friday afternoon. LYDIA ABBEY, Com. BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch No. 2 meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. ELIZABETH PURTLE, Pres. ANNIE STARK, Secy.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S. Meets first and Third Thursdays in each month, in Odd Fellows' Hall. EMMA M. BAYLE, W. M. MRS. R. E. BURDICK, W. M.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in Holder Hall. JOHN PICKERSGILL, S. L. K. HOGARTH C. of R.

CHURCHES.

Methodist Episcopal Church—J. W. McGaffin, pastor. Preaching 10:30 a. m. Sunday school, 11:45 a. m.; Epworth League, 6:45 p. m.; Evening Service, 7:30. Mid-Week Prayer and Praise Service, Wednesday, 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional services at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saints Memorial Chapel—East Smethport. Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic Church—J. F. Dugan, pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m.

A. T. Palmer

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THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

EMIL THAN
MANUFACTURER OF
[illegible]

Whole

ADMIRAL EVANS DEAD.

(Continued from Page 1.)

Not long afterwards he was assigned to the command of the Yorktown, of the new white squadron, and was ordered to Valparaiso, Chile.

Returned from Chile, Commander Evans was sent to Bering sea to prevent unlawful sealing. There was friction between Great Britain and the United States over the sealing industry. There was considerable war talk. He did his work so well that of the 106 vessels who had been warned against proceeding to the sealing grounds, ninety-eight were prevented from violating the law.

In 1893 Evans was made a captain, and the following year was assigned to command the crack cruiser New York.

One day in 1896, when Cleveland was president and William G. McAdoo was Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Captain Evans spoke pretty freely to them. He told the President that the battleship Indiana, which he commanded at that time, was the finest, fastest fighting machine afloat.

"If you will give the word," he said, "I will go down to Cuba and with her alone will undertake to clean out the entire Spanish fleet."

When he left Mr. McAdoo's office he remarked, in an undertone, "If they'll only give me a chance in Cuba with my battleship no language but Spanish will be spoken in hell for the next five years."

He got his chance soon. On July 3, 1898, when the signal, "Enemy's ships coming out," was hoisted, Captain Evans headed the Iowa for the Maria Teresa, Cevera's flagship, and gave the Spaniards a broadside at 2,500 yards. The Viscaya came up next, and Evans let go with all the metal of his starboard side. Then he tackled the Cristobal Colon, engaged two torpedo boat destroyers with his secondary battery and kept hammering away, at 2,500 yards or less, at the Maria Tresa, the Viscaya and the Oquenda. When the Viscaya was run aground Captain Evans sent boats to rescue the crew and received on board the Iowa the commander and her officers as well. There were no casualties on the Iowa.

SCALE PROBLEM SOLVED.

No Great Danger From Planting Near Infested Trees.

A gentleman who desires to start an orchard wrote to State Zoologist Surface, a Harrisburg, saying that he was afraid to buy land near an orchard that was uncared for, and asked if it is safe to buy and plant one-fourth mile from a neglected orchard, particularly with the latter infested with San Jose scale. The reply was as follows:

"Replying to your recent communication concerning buying land near an orchard infested with Scale, I beg to say that the law of this state makes it necessary for the Secretary of Agriculture to compel the owner of that orchard to treat it and clean it up or destroy it. Therefore, it is now necessary for you to worry about this. Send the name of the owner to the Secretary of Agriculture at Harrisburg and inform him that the orchard is infested with scale and the Secretary must do the rest, which will really be done through this Division of the Department. Your name will not be used in such a way that your neighbor will learn that you have made complaint about it.

"Also, even if he should not clean up the scale in his orchard it will not seriously affect you for the reason that your trees should have practically the same annual treatment, namely, spraying when dormant with the lime-sulfur solution for the sake of controlling other pests, that is, certain insects and plant diseases, even if they did not have any San Jose scale upon them. It has been found that those orchards which are sprayed with the concentrated lime-sulfur solution either home boiled or commercial, when dormant, are greatly improved thereby, whether they are infested with scale or not. Therefore the scale is no longer a serious problem. This is due chiefly to the work of the Division of Zoology of the Department of Agriculture, which from the first had demonstrated these methods which brought about these results, notwithstanding the opposition by agents and manufacturers of certain preparations that have not been so efficient or satisfactory."

HARRY N. SHAFER.

A Few Words About the New Principal At Clarion State Normal.

Harry N. Shafer, the new principal of the Clarion State Normal School, is a native of Illinois and is of German-English descent.

He began his schooling in a rural school and later attended Eureka College, a denominational college located in Eureka, Ill. At eighteen years of age he graduated from this college. Several years then were spent in teaching in rural schools and as principal of town schools, the vacations being devoted to study at the Illinois Normal University.

While superintendent of schools at Ottawa, Ill., he resigned in order to enter Harvard University, from which he graduated in 1899. The following year was spent in post-graduate work at the same institution. He then entered Teachers' College, Columbia University, New York, where he continued work in psychology and education, especially with reference to normal school administration and methods.

From Teachers' College he went to the new State Normal School at San Diego, Cal., to establish the department of education and to become director of the training school. While in his third year of work at San Diego, he was called to the presidency of the State Normal School at Cheney, Washington, also a school in its beginnings. During the five years he was at this school attendance was trebled, appropriations were quadrupled, reaching $60,000 per year or $160,000 for the biennium, buildings were added and the school was firmly established.

At this time the Oregon State Board of Regents asked him to come to that state to build up the State Normal School at Ashland. The invitation was accepted, but during the first year political complications arose in the legislature and all normal schools were closed because of failure of appropriations.

His next work was professor of History of Education and Philosophy and High School Inspector for the University of Pittsburgh, the greater part of the time being devoted to inspection of secondary schools in western Pennsylvania, and in parts of New York, Ohio, West Virginia, Maryland and Virginia.

When he new Bureau of Professional Educaion was organized, State Supt. Nathan C. Schaeffer selected him as one of three members. He leaves this Bureau in order to come to the Clarion Normal.

The winter session of the school has just opened with an attendance of four hundred. Miss Williams, of Syracuse University, has been added to the faculty as assistant in the English department.

BON AIR SANATORIUM.

Report of Work Done at That Institution for the Past Year.

A preliminary report of the work done at Bon Air Sanatorium for the year 1911 shows that 111 patients were treated, 75 discharged and 13,916 hospital days furnished, an average of 117 days to the patient. During the month of January will be offered the regular annual report showing the scientific results on the 75 patients that were discharged and the costs of maintainance.

This is a phenominal work and when one considers the small amount of money at hand with which to carry on such work it is wonderful. There is hardly a town in the surrounding country but what has its cure from Bon Air, a living example of what can be done at this institution. What it needs most of all is the hearty cooperation of all; financial assistance from those who can afford to give and memberships at $5 a year from everybody. Its existence insures the individual of a place to go and it ought to be worth $5 a year for that insurance. Many men throughout the country could give $100 to Bon Air without missing it, and when the debt is eliminated even more work will be done. Here is an institution that makes good before it asks for support and it is well worth the serious thought of every man who has the interest of the people at heart.

With the County Sheriff, Friday, Jan. 12

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

List of letters remaining in the Post Office at Smethport, Pa., for the week ending December 30th, 1911:

Alvord, Mr. Henry
Strang, Mr. Miles
Wah, Chas.
Wing, Chas.
Bomenles, Omedeo Viccardi (For.)

Persons calling for these letters please say "Advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

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A. L. GALLUP.

OVER THE SHOSHONE FALLS

Except Fish, a Red Collie Is Only Animal That Has Made Plunge and Survived.

The only living thing except the fish that has ever gone over the Shoshone Falls in Idaho and came through alive is Shep, a red collie belonging to a hotel man in Shoshone. At Shoshone the Snake River plunges into a cavern with less than a foot between the surface of the rushing waters and the roof of jagged rock. Sharp-toothed rocks bristle above the swirling currents, and cruel stones project from the slippery sides. From this subterranean passage the river emerges on the edge of a great canyon, over the brink of which it dashes in a thundering cataract of foam and spray 220 feet to the abysmal depths below. The falls of Shoshone are sixty feet higher than Niagara Falls.

A child pulled Shep's plumy tail one day and Shep bit the child. For this he was promptly condemned to death by his owner, who took him to Snake river and threw him in just outside the cavern, and when Shep, battling bravely for his life, was swept out of sight into its mysterious mouth, he was considered a dead dog.

Half an hour later a boy hurried into the hotel and informed Shep's master that his collie was sitting on a half submerged rock below the falls howling for help. Filled with remorse, the dog's owner hastened to his rescue with ropes and a boat, and half Shoshone attended Shep's triumphal return to his home, where his penitent owner gave him the best in the larder and a soft cushion behind the bar for the rest of his days. Beyond a few trifling scratches and the loss of his toe nails, the dog was none the worse for his terrible experience.

BURGLAR WAS MARRIED MAN

Little Story of the Housebreaker, the Victim and the Too Skeptical Wife.

"I woke up suddenly the other night and thought I heard a burglar in the room. I sat up in bed and that awoke my wife."

"What did she do?"

"She accused me, as usual, of having a burglar bug. Said I'd never hear a real burglar if I live a thousand years. I said I'd bet I would. She said she'd bet I wouldn't. And just then a shadowy form rose from behind the dresser and a hoarse voice exclaimed, 'He wins, ma'am!'"

"Did you catch him?"

"Catch him! I didn't try. I just lay there and laughed, and heard him slam the door and run down the street. And say, my wife was so mad she didn't speak to me for a whole day. But I'll bet one thing."

"What is it?"

"I'll bet that burglar was a married man."

Conscientious.

An editor of a New York magazine recently received a story of which the scene was laid in the state of Washington. He wished to have the story illustrated, and in order to obtain the best local detail he sent the manuscript to a young artist out in Washington. Before doing so, however, he scrawled hastily across the top of the first page the address of the writer, which did not otherwise appear on the manuscript. It was "Shelton, Wash." With the story the editor sent a letter asking the artist to make a wash drawing of a certain effective scene and forward it as soon as possible. By return mail the editor received an anxious reply from the youthful artist, saying: "I note that you wish me to use Shelton wash. I do not know of any such wash, nor do any of the dealers out here. If you can send me a tube I shall be glad to make the drawing."

The Forest.

Seeking inspiration, I leave the city and go to the forest, journeying there by the path of memory, for chains, self-urged, prove too strong for release from city desk.

I visit in thought its oratory, whispering a prayer of love and praise, place flowers upon the altar of stones made beautiful with velvet of moss and lichen lace.

The winds teach my lips a new song, the sun grants my eyes fresh vision, earth fastens wings on my feet.

As I walk through its aisles I am shrived of weariness, weakness, fear. At the font of a spring am I baptized into new understanding.

Then, receiving the benediction of the trees, I return again to my desk, renewed in spirit, strength and, above all, in love.—From the Craftsman.

Without Ceremony.

More or less ceremony usually attends the laying of a corner stone, but in one case at least it was laid quite simply.

Two Chicago men were talking of the fortune of a third when one said: "He made his first lucky strike in eggs. He bought 10,000 dozen at a low figure, put them in cold storage and sold them at a profit of more than 300 per cent. That was the corner stone of his present fortune."

"Ah!" exclaimed the other man; "then the hens laid it!"

Harmless Fad.

"I suppose in these ragtime days you sell very little classical music?"

"More than you would imagine," answered the music dealer. "Almost everybody buys a few sheets to place on the piano when company calls."

OLD ENGLISH INNS REMAIN

These Charming Places on the Post Roads Have Changed Little in Many Years.

A history of the coach roads out of London would be a history of England, and the stories of the inns alone would make a fat volume. They are still charming inns, with the same oak rafters and oak wainscoting, the same stuffed trout and foxes in dusty glass cases. They are as they were when they sold brandy in casks that had been thrown shorewards off Brighton and washed into the hands of waiting smugglers; as they were when an axle broke, a masked gentleman on a gray mare would rap gently with his whip on their green shutters. And, then the inns themselves, what could be more charming than their names?

Such names as the Angel of the Annunciation, at Staines on the last change into Windsor, which dates back to the days of the monasteries when the innkeeper of that tavern was a lay brother, and on the last stage to Box Hill, the Robin Hood Inn, which dates back to that man himself, and those other inns that celebrate the stars of the animal kingdom in specific colors: The White Hart at Henfield on the Brighton Road, the Dun Horse of Manning's Heath, the White Horse of Dorking, the Bull at Mockbridge, the Bear at Esther, the Lion at Guilford, and at Wimbledon the Dog and Fox. Great men have stopped at these inns, and while we change horses the landlord will point out the windows of the rooms in which they rested—the first man of Europe on his way to Brighton, Lord Nelson on his way to join his ship at Portsmouth, and Sheridan, Pope, Mr. Pepys, Walpole, Dick Turpin, Capt. Henry Esmond, Mr. Pickwick, Sam Weller and David Copperfield.—Richard Harding Davis in the Metropolitan.

LAMB QUIT TAKING SNUFF

Threw Box Away on Hampstead Health, but Was Searching for It Next Morning.

Hamstead Heath may yet contain a precious relic of Charles Lamb. "One summer's evening," writes Hone, "I was walking on Hampstead Heath with Charles Lamb, and we had talked ourselves into a philosophic contempt of our slavery to the habit of snuff taking, and with the firm resolution of never again taking a single pinch we threw our snuffboxes away from the hill on which we stood, far among the furze and brambles below, and went home in triumph; I began to be very miserable, was wretched all night; in the morning I was walking on the same hill; I saw Charles Lamb below, searching among the bushes; he looked up laughing, and saying, 'What, you are come to look for your snuff-box too?'

"'Oh, no,' said I, taking a pinch out of a paper in my waistcoat pocket, 'I went for a halfpenny worth to the first shop that was open.'"—London Chronicle.

Expensive Slip.

A well-dressed man was hurrying along the Rue de Passy, Paris, when he slipped, and falling forward dashed his elbow through the window of a wine shop. The proprietor rushed out to claim the price of his window and a large crowd gathered to see fair play. The man who had broken the window protested that he had no money. "Search him!" shouted some one in the crowd. There were no policemen about, so the wineshop keeper and a few friends took the law into their own hands, searched the man's pockets and found a £20 note.

The crowd advised the wineshop keeper to pay himself well for his broken window. He took £2 to pay for his broken glass, and the unpopular man who had broken it went away with a torn coat and £18 change. The £20 note was a forgery.

The Paper Boat.

Bobby's Aunt Bess had been telling him about her travels in Switzerland, describing particularly her visit to Lake Luzerne. "We got aboard the little newspaper boat that sails all over the lake, Bobby," she remarked.

Bobby listened to this statement in round-eyed wonder, but made no comment. Later he said to his mother: "Mamma, do you know people go sailing in paper boats on Lake Luzerne? Isn't it awful queer?"

"Nonsense, Bobby. People couldn't sail in paper boats. Where did you get such an absurd notion?"

"Aunt Bess told me that she and Uncle Bill got aboard a little paper boat and sailed all over Lake Luzerne," insisted Bobby. Then Bobby's mother explained.

Burglar Dies From Fright.

A man named Albert Bisam suddenly fell down dead yesterday on being surprised while committing a burglary.

The concierge of a house in Vienna when returning to her dwelling found a young man engaged in searching a cupboard with his back toward the door. She shrieked: "What are you doing there?" whereupon the man threw up his hands and fell backward on the floor. A post mortem established the fact that death was due to heart failure from fright.—Vienna correspondence London Standard.

Love at Second Sight.

"Was it a case of love at first sight?"

"No, second sight. The first time he saw her he didn't know she was an heiress."—Judge.

SURE TO BREAK THIRD TIME

Man Knew What His Spectacles Would Do, So He Got Ahead of Fate.

A jeweler in Brooklyn recently showed the humorous phase of superstition as it troubles some people.

"A man came into my store with a pair of spectacles he had dropped on the floor and broken," he said. "I have an optician with me. A price was given for the repairs and the work was done. When the glasses were delivered the customer said he'd been pretty lucky with them; this was the first time in three years they had been broken. But the next day he came around again. He had dropped them and they had broken within ten hours after they had been fixed.

"'I want you to make a good job of it,' he told me, 'so they won't break again.'

"He said he would call for them. When he did and when they were given to him he asked if I had a glass paperweight or something the least bit heavy. My medium-sized hammer was handy and I asked him if that would do, wondering what he wanted them for. He took the hammer from me and laid the spectacles on the floor. Then he took the hammer and hit the offending lens a hard blow. 'There,' he said, as he straightened up, with the pieces in his hand. 'I've fixed that. Now will you kindly repair them again?'

"Naturally, I wanted to know why he had done this.

"'Superstition,' he replied. 'I've already broken them twice and there was sure to be a third time. I've brought that third time about so I wouldn't have to lose more time than necessary. Now if you will have them fixed I guess they'll never break again!'"

HOW HE EVOKED THE WINDS

Captain of Becalmed Vessel Was Driven to Desperate Sacrifice, But It Succeeded.

The ship had lain becalmed in a tropical sea for three days. Not a breath of air stirred, the mirror-like surface of the sea and the sails hung limp from the yards, like drapery carved from marble.

The captain resolved to wait no longer for wind. He piped all hands on deck and requested all passengers to come forward.

"I must ask all of you," he said, "to give me every match you have."

Wonderingly, all obeyed. The captain collected every match on the ship in this manner. Then he threw them all overboard—all but one.

Then he took his pipe from his pocket and filled it with tobacco. All crew and passengers looked breathlessly on, he struck that one match—the only one aboard—and attempted to light his pipe with it.

Instantly a furious gale swept over the deck. It extinguished the match, but filled the sails and the good ship plunged merrily forward on her course again. The sacrifice had been awful, but successful.

Wanted a Chance.

One of the performers at Proctor's this week relates an incident that occurred in a western town where he was playing an engagement. There was an act on the bill in which a policeman had to chase a thief across the stage without catching him. The cop's part was so simple that it was always given to some employe of the house. There was a "prop" man in that town to whom this little task was assigned and he felt like a real actor. In the middle of the week's stand, just before the act was to go on, the "prop" man said to the player who had the fugitive business:

"Say, mister, let me catch you tonight, will you?"

"Why so?"

"Well, my girl is in the audience tonight."—Newark (N. J.) Star.

Inventor of Ice Cream.

"I am looking for some means of verifying a statement that is printed at the bottom of the bill of fare in a colored people's restaurant that I visit once a month," a gas collector said. "In a red-letter footnote the proprietor calls attention to the excellence of his own home-made ice cream; then he adds that all members of the race ought to eat ice cream because it was invented by a colored man named Jackson. So sure does he seem of his facts that he relates circumstances attending the evolution of ice cream from plain custard. The narrative sounds convincing, but colored people are so ready to vaunt the real and reputed achievements of the race that the ice cream legend may require verification."

As to Giving the Bride Away.

One pastor objects to the bride's father giving her away; she should be perfectly free, he argues, like the groom who gives himself away.

"Is the bride," he continues, "a bag of potatoes, that she should be given away?" No, sir, she is not; nobody's giving bags of potatoes away these days. As between potatoes and daughters a father would hesitate but little before deciding to give away the daughter.—Detroit News.

Indication of Interest.

"The school mistress is interested in you, dad."

"How's that?"

"Why, today, after she'd told me six times to sit down and behave myself, she said she wondered what kind of a father I had."—Judge.

What Is a Style?

A queer customs ruling relates to that noble animal, the mule. An American contractor took some mules into Mexico for use upon some construction work there, and upon the completion of the contract brought the mules back to Texas. The customs officials insisted upon his paying duty, but the contractor claimed free entry for the mules as "articles of American growth returned without being advanced in value." The officials declared, however, that the board of appraisers has sustained them, that mules are not "articles." What, then, are they? If they are persons, they are certainly entitled to come back home. Since the decision that a hen is not a bird, the customs service has got its natural history fearfully and wonderfully mixed.

Fame of Li Hung Chang.

There are far too many famous men nowadays, and it is not easy to remember exactly who is who. They were discussing the Chinese situation in the bar and the man who had visited China began to give his views. "Do you remember Li Hung Chang?" he began. "I knew him well." To which the sporting-looking gentleman in the corner answered, "What? Remember him? I saw him last night. Best music hall juggler I've seen for a long time."—London Chronicle.

A Call to Economy.

"The coal supply of the earth is limited," said the scientist. "No one can say how long it will last." "Great Scott!" exclaimed a man in the back row; "and here we've gone and wasted more'n a bushel of it hearin' the hall fer this lecture."

His Only Reason.

Attorney—Why do you wish a divorce from your wife? Mr. Sagg—Uh—kaze I'm mar'd to her, o' cou'se sah!—Judge.

Sanes

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